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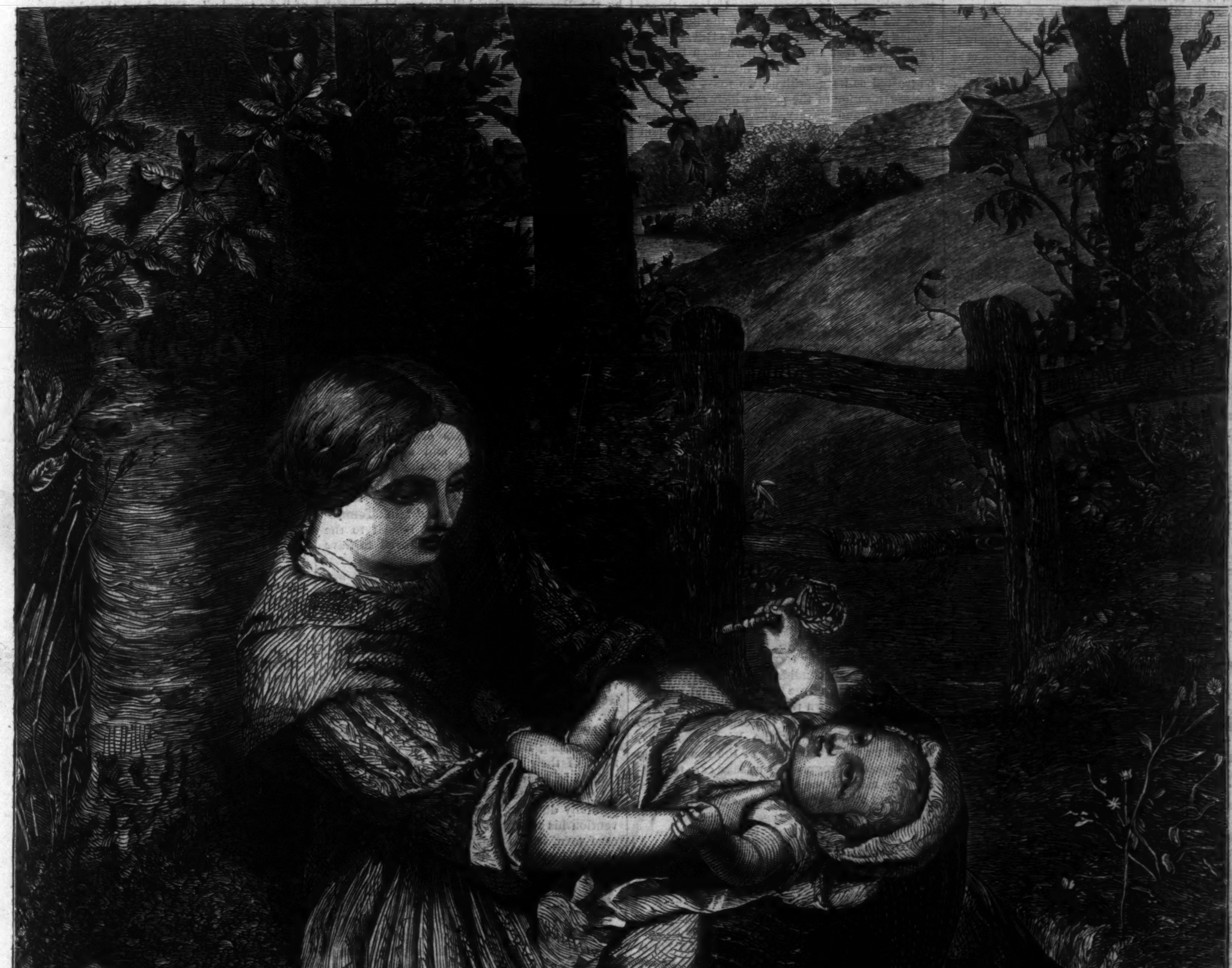


THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.—[From a Painting by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 24, 1867.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

It was inevitable that General Grant would be nominated by somebody for the Presidency. So great a fame and so universal a popularity were capital too promising to be unappropriated. If to be made President it were enough to be the hero of New Orleans, or the hero of Tippecanoe, or the hero of Buena Vista, it would seem that the conquering hero of the greatest of wars should be President, of course, and without a nomination. From the famous morning at Appomattox Court House, therefore, there have been longing eyes fixed upon the General, and unable longer to delay, fearful lest some nimbler body should name him, a committee of gentlemen, whose political distinction it is to have repudiated the policy which General Grant favors, have, as we lately mentioned, formally nominated him. The nominating body are the representatives of a few adherents of the Republican party who in the very moment when political fidelity was to be proved ratted to the Democratic party and President Johnson.

From neither of those powers, however, have these gentlemen received any comfort. They are therefore experimenting. Not to speak lightly of so grave and exalted a body, they are "bobbing round." They are, if the expression may be permitted, looking about for Morgans. Like a handful of shipwrecked sailors drifting in a boat which is not exactly "jolly," without food, and utterly without liquor, they are for any port that offers. Their nomination, therefore, although as we said formal, and more imposing than that of a single individual, is not one to which General Grant is very likely to make any formal response even if he were gravely apprised of it. It is, if we may again not speak lightly, an anchor to windward. It is, if an expression may once more be permitted, scoring a date. So that if some great party convention should hereafter nominate General Grant, and he should be elected, these worthy gentlemen would have an opportunity of reminding him in the distributing day of custom-houses and other fat things that they were up very early in the morning and brushed the sparkling dew caroling his name.

It is evident that General Grant is the controlling fact in the Presidential canvass, unless he absolutely and finally refuses to be a candidate. Usually it is not clear that any particular person *must* be a candidate. However warm and resolved a large and apparently dominant wing of a party may be, their preference, as in the case of Mr. Seward, may be set aside, and a wholly unsuspected and insignificant person, as in the case of Mr. Polk, may be nominated. So at the present time it is very easy to see that in a nominating convention Mr. Chase, or Mr. Colfax, or Mr. Stanton, or whoever the most promising man should be might be necessarily abandoned for an entirely new person. But it is not possible to see that if he be willing the reasons for General Grant's nomination should not prevail over all others.

The reasons indeed are of various kinds. There is, to begin with, the undoubted sense of national gratitude for his part in the war, and the genuine popularity that results from it. There is then the equally undoubted confidence in his judgment of the state of national affairs, and in his sympathy with the policy of Congress and the loyal country. There is the further feeling that he is already the choice of a powerful portion of the dominant party, and that his nomination is approved by some of the most eminent Republican leaders, and openly advocated by some of the most conspicuous Republican papers. Besides this, there is a reason which is felt to be of great weight as between the nomination of General Grant and that of Judge Chase, the chief candidate named with him. It is that the nomination for the Presidency of the Chief Justice of the United States would be a fatal demoralization of our politics, for nothing could well be more disastrous than to make the Supreme bench a stepping-stone to the White House. Beneath all these considerations there is also the feeling that in the present unsettled condition of the country a President of the military ability, moderation, and renown of General Grant would insure a peaceful and firm administration.

It seems to us undeniable that if he were nominated General Grant would be borne into the Presidency upon a whirlwind of popular enthusiasm. But there is one thing more important to the country than his election, and that is the continuance in power of the Republican party, not for a Presidential term, but for a long time in the future. The success of that party in the Presidential election is unquestionable unless some wholly unforeseen and incalculable change [illegible] public affairs occurs. Whoever it nominates will be the next President. But if it should nominate a candidate who was not sincerely and profoundly convinced both of the importance of the party principles and the necessity of the party ascendency, the next Presidential term would be a kind of no-party interregnum in which by means of a disastrous party impartiality, as it is called, or a policy based upon the theory that one party is about as good as the other, the dominant party would of necessity be demoralized and disappear. If it were clear that General Grant were likely to pursue such a policy, no folly could be greater than his nomination.

To the question whether it is desirable for the national welfare to retain the Republican organization it seems to us a sufficient reply to say that the Democratic organization, such as we see it in Kentucky, will not be relinquished, and to disband the Republican party would be to leave the party which has just been successful in Kentucky, and which supports the President against Congress, master of the field. It is a sufficient further answer to say that the truly progressive liberal men of this country, those who heartily believe in the American principle—not, of course, without exception, but the vast majority of them—act with the Republican party, and to their efficient action the party organization is necessary. Unless, therefore, we are willing to abandon the better direction which has been given to the Government and believe that those who have been bred in thorough contempt of equal liberty can safely be trusted as its guardians, we must maintain the organization of the party which was founded to withstand Slavery, which victoriously defeated the tremendous assault of Slavery upon the Government, and which is now restoring the Union upon the principles of liberty. Our candidate must consequently be a man thoroughly and earnestly persuaded of the truth of those principles, and who would be sure to administer the Government, not to please every body, but to secure the gains of the great struggle.

It is because he is felt to be such a man that General Grant should be nominated, if nominated at all, and not because of his great popularity and illustrious services, nor because of a fear that the Democrats will take him if we do not. What! the builders of the Chicago platform nominate "the butcher!" No, the Democrats can not nominate him. He is inflexibly hostile to their policy now as he was during the war, and he would not and could not be their tool. The assertion that he is an equally available candidate for both parties is just as untrue of him as it is of General Sheridan. Of a reticent man any thing may be said. His acts must reveal him. We doubt if there be any man in the country who apprehends more profoundly than General Grant the wisdom and necessity of a truly radical policy. The "Conservatives" who nominate and applaud him do so for two reasons: the first is, that some Radicals—General Butler, for instance—are unfriendly to him; and the second is, that they think him sure of success. Their nomination is merely Mr. Toots's opinion.

Finally, warned by terrible experience, let us be sure that our candidate for the Vice-Presidency be no less true and tried and capable and perfectly known than his companion. The best and wisest man in the country is not too good nor too wise for the Vice-Presidency. And as we value the peace of the country and its prosperous progress, let us take care to nominate no man for the Vice-Presidency whom we would not willingly and gladly elect President.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

If the request of the President to Mr. Stanton that he would resign the Secretaryship of War means that he is about undertaking to change all the military personnel under the Reconstruction bill, substituting men like Steedman and Rousseau for Sheridan and Schofield and Sickles, the deluge will not be after Mr. Johnson, but upon him. We do not believe that the country will submit to such a plain paralysis of its purpose.

The services of Mr. Stanton to this country are incalculable. It is not easy to conceive of a more efficient Secretary of War at a time when that office was of the very highest importance. The faults which were popularly ascribed to the Secretary, his abruptness, his brusqueness, were often merely a necessary decision and rapidity of action. A man in such an office at such a time may be pardoned if he does not stop to make bows, and if he speaks too crisply for common courtesy. Coming into the War Department at a time when the head-quarters of General George B. M'Clellan were fast becoming the head bureau of the Government, and when even the President went to the General, instead of requiring the General to come to him, the Secretary of War taught General M'Clellan that the President was to be respected as his Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Stanton was never deceived in the character or the capacity of General M'Clellan. The Secretary's comprehensive grasp of the vast duties of his office, his unquailing energy, his exhaustless industry, his silent fidelity, were no less remarkable than his heroic faith in the people and his inflexible determination that the war should be fought to an unconditional overthrow of the rebellion. When that result was almost accomplished he instantly repudiated the immense error of General Sherman; and when President Lincoln was murdered, and there was a moment of inexpressible confusion, it was the steady hand of the Secretary of War which seized the government and passed it to Mr. Lincoln's lawful successor. During the melancholy and humiliating administration of Mr. Johnson, which has sought in every way to defeat the national victory and to demoralize the national mind, Mr. Stanton has tenaciously clung to the real issue, and he alone in the Cabinet has represented the national conviction and the national purpose. He, therefore, has been the especial object of the President's hostility, and after a thousand rumors of his designed or attempted removal the President has at last formally summoned him to resign.

Mr. Stanton's retirement would be a national misfortune. Upon the part of the President it would be another impotent blow at the purpose of the country, which he can not change. But if, as we said, he should go further, and by appointing his own creatures show an evident intention to defeat the objects sought by the Reconstruction bill, he would be hoist with his own petard.

TENNESSEE.

The election in Tennessee proves once more the folly of the President's prediction that, if the colored men voted, there must be trouble at the polls. If trouble there was, it came, as every sensible man knew it would come, not from the newly-enfranchised but from the rebels and rebel sympathizers; and to refuse the ballot to loyal colored men because it would not be agreeable to ex-rebels is a fair illustration of the wisdom of the President's policy. The bitter hostility of those who call themselves Conservatives or Democrats in Tennessee to the voting of the colored citizens, the threats freely uttered against Union citizens and the personal peril in which they were often placed, we stated before the election. The result is in every way fortunate. Had the State fallen into the power of the Democratic party, with a man like Emerson Etheridge for Governor, its regeneration, progress, and prosperity would have been hopelessly postponed. As it is, its political organization is confirmed in the interests of loyalty, equal rights, and good order; and although, like every border State in which the Democracy and the rebel sympathizers do curiously blend, there must be for some time military supervision, there is no reason to doubt that Tennessee will now proceed to adapt herself to the Radical change which is fully proved to have taken place.

As for the conduct of the new voters it was as irreproachable as it was in the District of Columbia, and as it will be every where else. If the unimaginable degradation of thousands of white voters in other parts of the country does not seriously disturb the peace of the polls, it was not to be expected that the new voters of a race distinguished for its inoffensiveness would be turbulent and dangerous. Dr. Draper, in his new and striking History of the American Civil War, speaks of the slaves as emerging from a struggle in which every right of their humanity was involved as unstained by a single crime. Yet fearful crimes there were; and when Senator Murphy was painfully detailing in the Constitutional Convention his theory of the inferiority of the colored men, it was impossible not to remember that, if bones were carved into trinkets and skulls into drinking-cups, it was not by the inferior race but by men of the Senator's own "superior" color and kind.

The election in Tennessee proves the wisdom of the course which, in our judgment, was inevitable from the end of the rebellion. The enfranchisement of the freedmen was necessary to complete their enfranchisement; and they are nobly vindicating the policy to which the President has been inflexibly opposed, and which the loyal country has resolutely supported.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL OF 1867.

The Reform Bill has passed the House of Lords, and is now the law of England. So extraordinary a political situation was never known in that country. A Tory Ministry have proposed and carried an enlargement of the suffrage beyond the efforts and beyond the wishes of Mr. Bright; and the same Ministry has reversed all the precedents of the British constitutional system by retaining office after the defeat of a measure of their own, and by conforming to the wishes of the Opposition majority of the Commons. The great change in the basis of representation—a change which, in the opinion of many sagacious men, is radically revolutionary—has been made also under the leadership of a man whom nobody credits with any political sincerity whatever. Conceding to him the utmost ability and ingenuity, great eloquence and knowledge, the English critics all agree that the brilliant Mr. Disraeli is as unprincipled as he is clever. Yet modern British history shows no political leader so adroit and so successful. To the doubts and fears of his opponents of all parties he replied in his final speech with an astonishing assurance, most eloquently asserting the continued grandeur of the empire; while every hearer must have felt that such assertions are truly persuasive only when they evidently spring from the profoundest conviction.

The striking peculiarity of the situation, however, is, that a most liberal Reform Bill passes Parliament with a hesitating support that seems almost opposition from Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. But the explanation is simple. Mr. Disraeli stated it in his speech at the Merchant Tailors' dinner in London, the most thoroughly Tory of all the guilds. There is in England a large population ignorant and wretched beyond our experience in this country. In Mr. Olmsted's "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," one of the most delightful and instructive books of travel in that country, he mentions the remark of a liberal politician, that there was a very large population which was not even taken into the account when an English Liberal statesman spoke of "the people." But above this class, among the master mechanics and the more intelligent workmen, there are a very large number whom the Liberals have wished to admit to the franchise, and by degrees to include more and more as the area of intelligence extended. This was the intention of Mr. Gladstone's bill of last year, cordially supported by Mr. Bright; and both these Liberal statesmen do not deny that there is a great multitude whom, in their judgment, it would be unwise at present to enfranchise. Large numbers of these are, however, enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's bill, and consequently neither Mr. Bright nor Mr. Gladstone can wholly approve it.

In his Merchant Tailors' speech Mr. Disraeli spoke of the Liberal leaders as selecting a special class of workmen to enfranchise, while he believed that by so doing they were unjust to the great mass of English working-men. In his mouth, of course, this is the purest demagoguery. It is intended to array the lower and larger class of the newly enfranchised against Mr. Bright and the Liberal party; and there is no doubt that the Liberal leaders fear that the result may be the continuance of the Government in Tory hands—a result much to be deplored.

When Mr. Lowe declared that Mr. Bright, in invoking household suffrage, was like Don Giovanni ("which," he said, "I am told is Italian for John"), who invited the statue to supper, not thinking it would come, and was appalled when he heard it thumping up stairs, Mr. Bright replied that he had always insisted from the beginning of his career that the permanent foundation of the borough franchise should be household suffrage. But Mr. Bright also said that he thought there was a class—he hoped constantly diminishing—to which the franchise could be of no advantage, and that he would therefore have consented to some proposition which fell short of household suffrage pure and simple. Mr. Lowe does not hesitate to say that the bill is the disappointment and shame of a perishing nation. Lord Cranborne warned the House not to borrow the ethics of political adventurers; and amidst the eloquent protest of the conscience Tories and the equally eloquent silence of the great Liberals the Reform Bill of 1867 was passed. Some such bill was inevitable. Whether this is wisely conceived and wisely supported only time can reveal.

CIVILIZATION AND RAILROADS.

It is remarkable how very slowly the conveniences of railroad travel improve. There are still railroads leading from the chief centres of travel at the East—from New York, Boston, and Albany—upon which the abominable old-fashioned, low-roofed cars are sometimes used for accommodation trains and short distances; and there are still passengers who ignominiously submit to this and to every other kind of railroad tyranny. In the view of a railroad director and superintendent a traveler should be thankful that he is carried at all, and not trouble himself about the decency and comfort of his transport. "Happiness!" sneers Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in one of his most contemptuous bursts, "why should a wretched human being concern himself about happiness?"

One such being, however, has recently been found. He has had the temerity to think that the sum of happiness among travelers by rail might be increased by not being carried eight or ten miles beyond their destination, and he has invented a very simple and convenient method of enabling them to stop where they wish to. This is done simply by legibly printing the names of each station upon white cloth, moved by rollers, and placed at the end of the car. When the train leaves a station the conductor or brakeman moves a little handle, which unrolls the name of the next station, and by touching a bell calls the attention of every traveler, and enables those who wish to stop to make their preparations. This is a manifest improvement upon the present system, which is, that in the midst of the jerking and thumping of "breaking up," a brakeman thrusts his head into the car, shouts something, slams the door, and leaves the excited passenger to the wildest conjecture. Who, for instance, in the deafening roar of the Hudson River Railroad, could be expected to know that the man who confusedly shrieks "Tie-vo-lie" into the clattering car means to say that the train is about stopping at Tivoli?

We are glad to see, also, that there is some hope of proper ventilation. The present misery of summer railway travel, the heat, the glare, the dust, the cinders, and the rattle, consequent upon open windows, are indescribable. A constant current of fresh air with closed windows is the desirable thing. When such reforms are accomplished in the cars we may hope that civilization will gradually creep into other departments of railway travel. The eating-houses, for instance—is a tolerable railroad eating-house quite beyond human genius? If a train stops at all, except to receive and drop passengers, why not stop long enough to eat a chop, and why should not the chop be ready? Instead of the unimaginable messes of sweet slop in tough dough, called pies, why not have cups of hot beef-tea? A counter covered with huge blocks of a heavy something called pound-cake, and thick squares of a mushy something else called sponge-cake, is not inviting. Flies frequent it, but not customers. Let the railroad eating-house tempt the passenger who is not hungry as well as compel the one who is, and its reward will be great.

These reforms and rumors of reforms must sound strangely to the luckless victims of Mr. Oliver Charlock's Long Island Railroad. We have not lately experienced the horrors of that institution. Nothing but unavoidable necessity drives a man to intrust himself to that combination of discomfort and sense of recklessness. Are the hapless captives still boxed up in those direful pens that serve for cars? Do the airy conductors still signal the train to start while the travelers are struggling in? Are the passengers still dumped in a manure-yard at Hunter's Point? Is the whole affair the same outrage upon decency and common comfort that it was last year? Answer, O Sunday something! which we are told called the simple history of our own experience upon that dreadful road, faithfully narrated, a slander. When the Long Island cars are even tolerably comfortable, when the cheery conductors, with cocked hats, pleasantly smoking, do not run before the passengers down the platform exhorting them, as he starts the train, to hurry up, when the traveler from the island to New York is not dumped in a manure-yard, tell us, O Sunday something! and we will not fail to record the facts.

COLOR AND OFFICE.

In a recent article we must have expressed ourselves very obscurely to be so wholly misapprehended by so sagacious a critic as *The Nation*. Mr. Wendell Phillips having said something which was loosely represented as absurd, we undertook to explain what we supposed him to mean. He said that he should not be satisfied until a colored citizen was elected Vice-President of the United States; and we suggested that he did not mean to say that a dark skin was of itself evidence of official capacity, but that nothing would prove the feeling of caste to be fully extirpated except an equal willingness to elect to office any citizen irrespective of color. We astutely reserved our own opinion upon the subject and were wholly intent upon explaining that of Mr. Phillips.

But we have no hesitation in saying that we do not think people should be elected to office because of the color of their skin or of their height or of the shape of their noses. We should also prefer in an election to consider the inside of the head of a candidate rather than to contemplate the outside of his heel. But it remains undeniable that the proof of the decay of the prejudice against the colored race in this country will be the election of colored citizens to office. The reason of that prejudice may not be their color alone, it may be, as the *Nation* suggests, partly an association of incapacity. But in this country, where the color of the skin has been always the badge of a servile race, there is naturally an immense prejudice founded upon color alone. Mr. Phillips believes in the equal capacity of the enslaved race under equal conditions. But he does not think those conditions are possible so long as there is a public feeling which excludes them from office. Consequently he insists that he can not be satisfied until he sees them elected. The inferiority of race which the *Nation* asserts is the very point which Mr. Phillips denies; and we presume he also denies that the fact of their enslavement is proof of their inferiority.

We were the more willing to say what we did because there is a disposition among those whom experience should have made wiser to criticise Mr. Phillips as if he were merely a random talker. Those who are most destitute of political principle or insight are fondest of calling him a scold. But all liberal men, however they may differ at the time from his judgment of public affairs, must allow him a prescience which subsequent events are very apt to justify. When, in the early autumn of 1865, Mr. Phillips spoke of "The South Victorious," there was a very general laugh and some excellent sarcasm. We leave it to the public consciousness to decide whether the political struggle of the past two years has not been to decide whether the North really understood its victory and meant to secure it. So when, at the same time, Mr. Phillips denounced the President as false to the party which elected him, and meaning to betray its policy, there was an equally general feeling that he was malignantly unjust. We leave it to the same consciousness to say whether the massacre of New Orleans and the President's whole course did not vindicate the truth of the orator's assertion.

No man, indeed, however pure and earnest, can be always wisely followed. With the utmost confidence in his purpose, and the highest admiration of his powers, we must sometimes wholly differ with Mr. Phillips in his judgment of the truly humane, prudent, and patriotic course. His relentless hostility to the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, and the speeches he delivered during that campaign, for instance, seemed to us to have no conceivable effect but the creation of a distrust which was utterly unfounded and most perilous. But what public man among us has not also had what seemed to others his hours and words of weakness? At least this one is nobly independent. He has the high courage of his opinions. He is not bewildered by the glamour of renown, nor blinded by the necessity of party. It is inspiring to see a man who, amidst the constantly debasing tendency of mere political expediency, steadily strives for the moral ideal.

THE TRIAL OF SURRATT.

The Surratt trial is closed, and the jury have been unable to agree upon a verdict. It has been one of the most remarkable criminal trials of this country or age; remarkable alike in the magnitude of the crime and the dramatic development of the very singular testimony.

It is impossible here to lay before our readers all the details of the testimony which form the very singular chain of evidence against Surratt so ably developed by Mr. Pierrepont. His connection with the other conspirators was clearly proved; that he was in Washington at the time of the murder, as charged in the indictment, appears to have been doubted by the majority of the jury, and hence the disagreement. That Surratt's part in the conspiracy was as important as that of the other murderers is made equally clear. It was shown, by statements carelessly made by Surratt long before the assassination as well as afterward, that the abduction or murder of Lincoln occupied his thoughts. It is true that Booth intimates in his diary that the idea of murder had not been entertained before the 14th of April. But facts are more significant than the statement of a flying murderer, who would naturally desire to make it appear that his act was the result of sudden impulse rather than of a premeditated plan. It is clear that Harold was brought into the conspiracy because he was clerk in a drug-store, and in connection with an attempt to poison the President. That such an attempt was made and failed is shown by the following words found inscribed in Booth's handwriting on a window-pane in the M'Henry House, in Meadville, Pennsylvania: "Abe Lincoln departed this life August 13, 1864, by the effects of poison." The abduction scheme was plainly given up at an early period of the conspiracy. It is an unquestioned fact that Mrs. Surratt's house in Washington was the principal rendezvous of the conspirators. This woman also owned a tavern at Surrattville. In 1862 the husband died, leaving his family in poor circumstances, and in 1864 the removal to Washington took place. Some time before the assassination Harold deposited some carbines in the house at Surrattville, then kept by a Mr. Lloyd. Afterward John H. Surratt came to the house and concealed these weapons. And on the day of the assassination Mrs. Surratt undertook a special journey to inform Lloyd that these weapons would be called for that night. It was proved, moreover, that Surratt was in Washington on the 14th of April. He was seen by Cleaver fitting the bar behind the door of the President's box. Cleaver knew Surratt, and, though a reluctant witness, testified that he certainly saw him. Others who knew Surratt saw him on that day in Washington, and some of them talked with him. A servant of the family testifies that she saw him at home on that day. Sergeant Dye saw him from the steps in front of Ford's Theatre just before the murder, calling out the time for Booth. Surratt's face made so vivid an impression upon his mind that it appeared to him afterward in his dreams. In the evidence as presented his route to Washington was clearly traced from Elmira by the testimony of several witnesses. Immediately after the murder Surratt flies. His name is registered in Montreal on the 18th of April, but he did not venture to stop there. Then we find him concealed with Boucher, a Romish priest, while his mother and fellow-conspirators are on trial in Washington. Here he remains until September, when he resumes his flight. He embarks upon a steamer under an assumed name. After relieving his natural anxiety by finding that there is no American detective on board, he grows bolder and tells his secret. He lands at length in Ireland, and is thence traced to Liverpool. Then he flies to Rome and enlists in the Papal Zouaves under the name of Watson. But even papal Rome will not shelter him, and his flight is continued to Malta, and thence to Egypt, where he is captured and brought back to the city of his crime.

The testimony for the defense was not so voluminous nor so positive; the lawyers of the prisoner appear to have based all their hopes of proving an *alibi*, and little of their evidence went to clear the prisoner of the alleged connection with the conspiracy.

A new trial will doubtless follow at the next term of the court; and will doubtless result as all new trials do—in nothing.

TENEMENT-HOUSE ABUSES.

In almost every one of Charles Lever's novels may be found some allusion to the evils of the Irish "tenant system," and particularly to the sufferings consequent on the continued absence in England or on the Continent of the landlords or proprietors of the Irish estates. A few years ago, before the days when Fenianism made all stories of Irish suffering ridiculous, when the subject of English abuses of this sort in Ireland attracted more attention in England, and its victims met with more sympathy in this country, numerous plays were written and presented on the stage, in all of which the iniquities of inhuman agents of the Irish tenantry formed the basis of the plots, and won the sympathies of the audience. More than one novelist and more than one Irish comedian have made "a very good thing" out of this attractive and yet repulsive subject.

The very same abuses and sufferings are extensively perpetrated and endured in this country, and particularly in this city, at the present day. There are thousands of equally thoughtless or heartless landlords who trust their business to thousands of equally grinding, money-making, and criminal agents, who inflict untold horrors on as numerous a tenantry as that of Ireland, and it is generally inflicted too on those who have fled from that country to seek a better living in this. There are in the city of New York, according to the reports of the Police Superintendent, over four thousand dwellings constructed for the purposes of tenement-houses, in which there dwell one hundred thousand men, women, and children, and in which four thousand persons die annually from diseases generated originally by the filth in which they exist, and the imperfect ventilation to which they are forced to submit. And the records of Vital Statistics for the past year reveal the startling facts that about one in every four of the inhabitants of these tenement-houses are constantly sick, and that one out of every twenty of the tenement-house population die.

But this does not show half the horror which exists. According to the report of the Metropolitan Board of Health there are five hundred thousand persons in the Metropolitan District who live in less than sixteen thousand houses, besides ten or twelve thousand more who exist entirely in cellars, and four thousand "squatters" who live in shanties built on the bare granite or sandstone rocks in the vicinity of Central Park. This is at the rate of over thirty-two persons to a house. These abuses arise from the common practice of "subletting." The owners of real estate rent their dwellings with the privilege of subletting to "middlemen" who relet them. These men are frequently of the most heartless and unscrupulous character, and they make large profits by subletting. They leave no space unoccupied; they rent sheds, basements, and cellars to families and lodgers; they divide rooms by partitions and then place a whole family in a single room to be used for living, cooking, and sleeping purposes. Most of the houses thus let are the old family mansions in which resided the present owner's parents or grandparents; now, located in neighborhoods which have grown unfashionable, they are abandoned for Fifth Avenue houses, and thus criminally rented to persons who abuse the privilege of subletting, and who crowd them with dozens of families though originally constructed for only one.

Most of the regular tenement-houses are five and six stories high throughout, are built on lots twenty-five by one hundred feet without court-yards, and each is occupied often by as many as 400 or 500 regular tenants. It is simply impossible that houses thus constructed and crowded can be properly ventilated or kept clean; and it is criminal in landlords and agents to take advantage of the necessities of the poor and crowd them into such cess-pools of disease. Yet it is done every day. The owners are generally wealthy, and can afford, in a financial sense, to dispense with the doubtless unwelcome duty of personally seeing to the welfare of their tenants even when to their own interest; but can the wealthiest of them afford, morally, to abandon these poor wretches to the dangers of disease and the abuses of agents? An unwelcome duty truly, and therefore the more careful will conscientious men be to perform it.

It is interesting in this connection to notice that the Board of Health is now vigorously enforcing the new act of the Assembly, passed on May 14, 1867, regulating tenement-houses, and which went into effect on July 1. By this act a tenement-house is defined to be any dwelling in which there are four or more families living independently of one another. The act is more particularly intended to secure ventilation and cleanliness; and for these purposes the Board of Health is authorized to require a certain number of windows or other ventilators to each room and hall; to abolish cess-pools; to license the renting of cellars; to build or have built drains and sewers; to enforce the establishment of garbage boxes; to compel landlords to whitewash twice a year; and to enter, inspect, disinfect, or to order any tenement-house to be vacated and to revoke its license. After the 1st of July, 1868, tenement-houses of all kinds are to be licensed as liquor saloons are now, and are to be open to inspection and subject to police regulations in the same way. There is but one serious omission in the act—the Board is not authorized to prosecute owners who countenance the overcrowding of their houses by agents or "middlemen" as for a criminal offense.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Just a picture of somebody's child—
  Sweet face set in its golden hair,
Violet eyes, and cheeks of rose,
  Rounded chin, with a dimple there;

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,
  Lit from within by a secret ray;
Tender eyes that will shine like stars
  When love and womanhood come this way;

Scarlet lips with a story to tell—
  Blessed be he who shall find it out!
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,
  And read the heart with never a doubt.

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips;
  Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks;
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn
  When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see,
  Only a child in her careless grace;
When love and womanhood come this way
  Will any thing sadden the flower-like face?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Sheridan has removed the New Orleans Chief of Police, and appointed a former officer of a New York regiment to the position. He has also removed the Judge of the Twelfth Judicial District of Texas for obstructing and refusing to obey the laws.

Governor Worth urges all the citizens of North Carolina who are not disfranchised to register.

The discharged soldiers of the Union army who are now living in Richmond propose calling a convention of all those in the State who have served in the same ranks.

The State Militia in West Tennessee has been ordered out of the service, on the suggestion of General Thomas.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Commission appointed to arrange a treaty of peace with the Indians assembled at St. Louis on August 7, and took steps to notify the Indian tribes [illegible] meet them in council in September next. In the mean time, General Hancock and the commanding officers on the plains are directed to suspend operations and hold a partial truce for the present.

NEWS ITEMS.

Secretary of War Stanton was requested by President Johnson, on August 5, to resign his position, but declined, stating in substance that his sense of his duty to the country—"grave public considerations"—constrained him to continue at his post. On August 12 the President issued a positive order to Mr. Stanton to turn over his office to General Grant. The latter notified Mr. Stanton of the receipt of an order to assume the duties of Secretary of War *ad interim*, expressing at the same time "his appreciation of the zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability" with which he had discharged the duty of Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton yielded under protest to the superior force of the President and General Grant, and retired from the War Office at three o'clock P.M. on August 12.

The jury in the Surratt case disagreed, standing eight for acquitting and four for condemning him, and were discharged on August 10. The prisoner was remanded to jail for trial in December. Seven of the jury who voted to acquit were men of Southern birth.

The shore end of the Cuban cable was successfully landed at Key West on August 3, and on the 4th twenty miles were payed out and attached to the buoy in one hundred and thirty fathoms of water. The cable fleet then proceeded to the Cuban coast, laid the shore end, and commenced paying out on the afternoon of August 6, and reached the buoy at five o'clock on the 7th, after using all the Cuban and nineteen miles of the Punta Rosa cables—one hundred and seventeen miles in all. While preparing to splice the two ends at the buoy at seven o'clock on the 7th the cable parted half a mile from the Narva, and the whole of Thursday and Friday were unsuccessfully spent in grappling for the lost end.

FOREIGN NEWS.

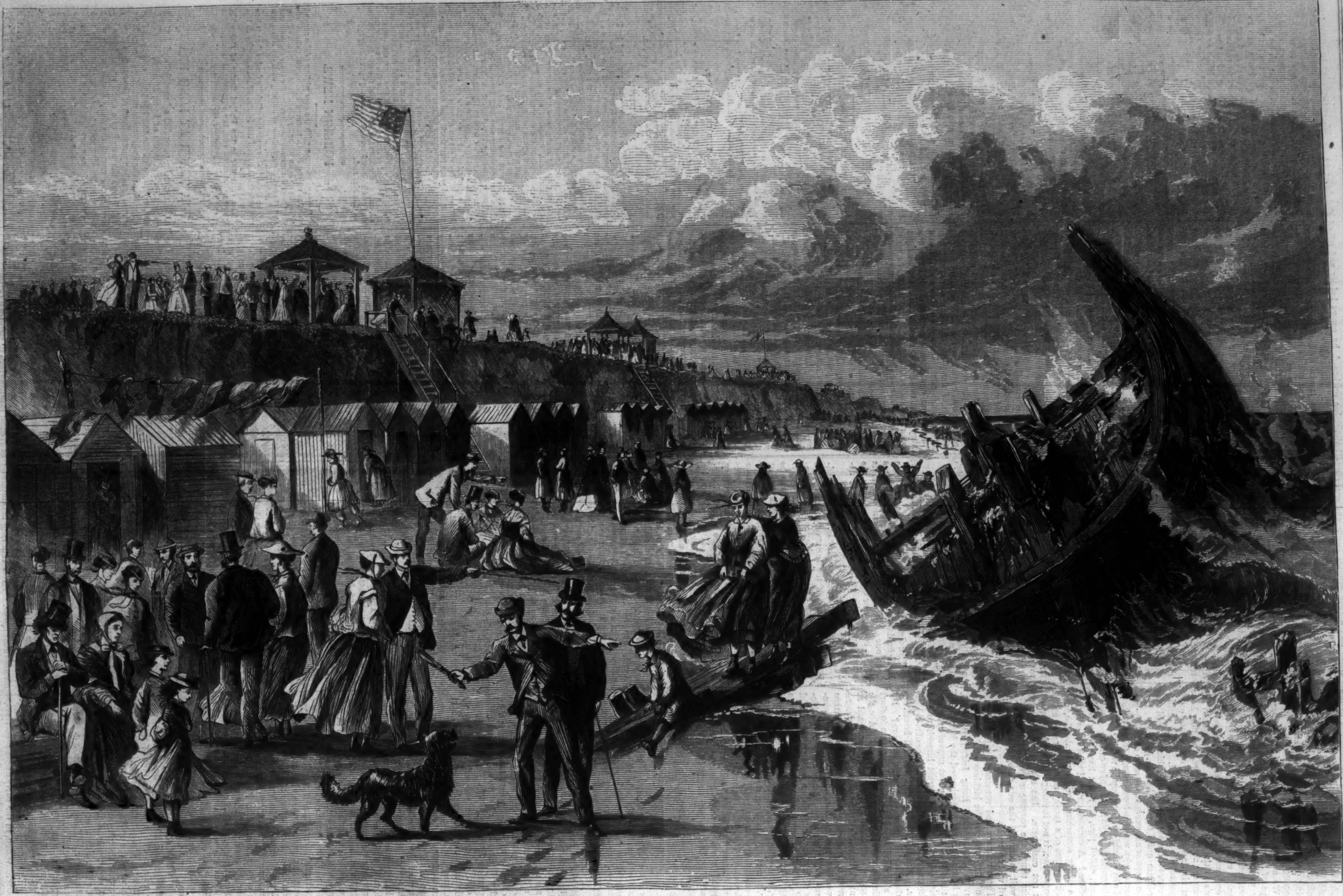
Simultaneously with the assembling of the second session of the North German Parliament demonstrations have been made by prominent members of the Southern German States, having for their purpose the agitation of the question of uniting with the Northern Confederation.

The Danish Government officially denies that it has any intention to sell the Island of St. Thomas to the United States.

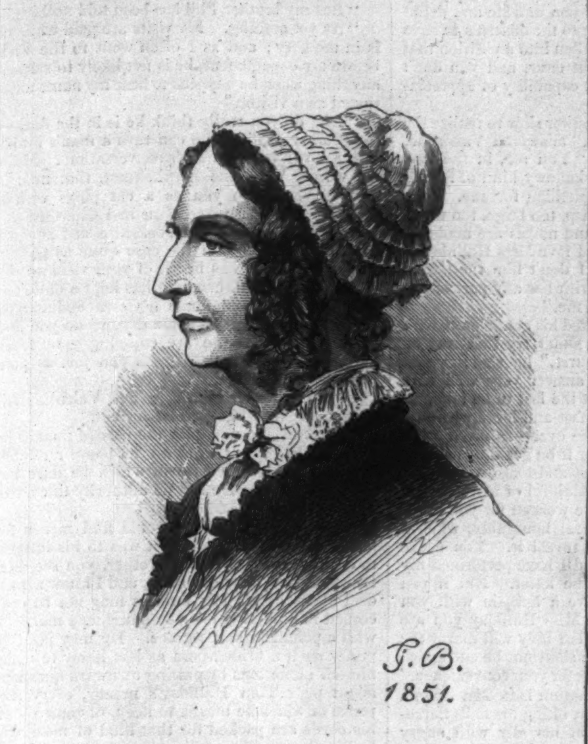
The civil war in the United States of Colombia seems to be at an end, the Provisional Government of Acosta being generally recognized.

THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

We give on page 532 a beautiful and faithful sketch on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey, now one of the most popular and most frequented of the fashionable watering-places. The sketch is taken just in front of the Stetson House, and shows the wreck of a small vessel, probably a schooner named the *Dora Baker*, which went ashore there last spring. Long Branch is not only one of the most pleasant but most beautiful beaches on the Atlantic coast. In front of the principal hotels there are high bluffs, fifteen or twenty feet above the tide; and instead of being covered by the white sand glaring in the sunshine, are carpeted by a green sward, pleasant to the eye. On this lawn, in the cool of the summer's evening, thousands of pleasure-seekers of all ages and both sexes lounge and sport with all the abandon natural to the time and scene.



THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH—WRECK OF THE "DORA BAKER."—SKETCHED BY CHARLES PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 531.]



THE LATE MISS CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.
[From a Sketch by Fredrika Bremer.]

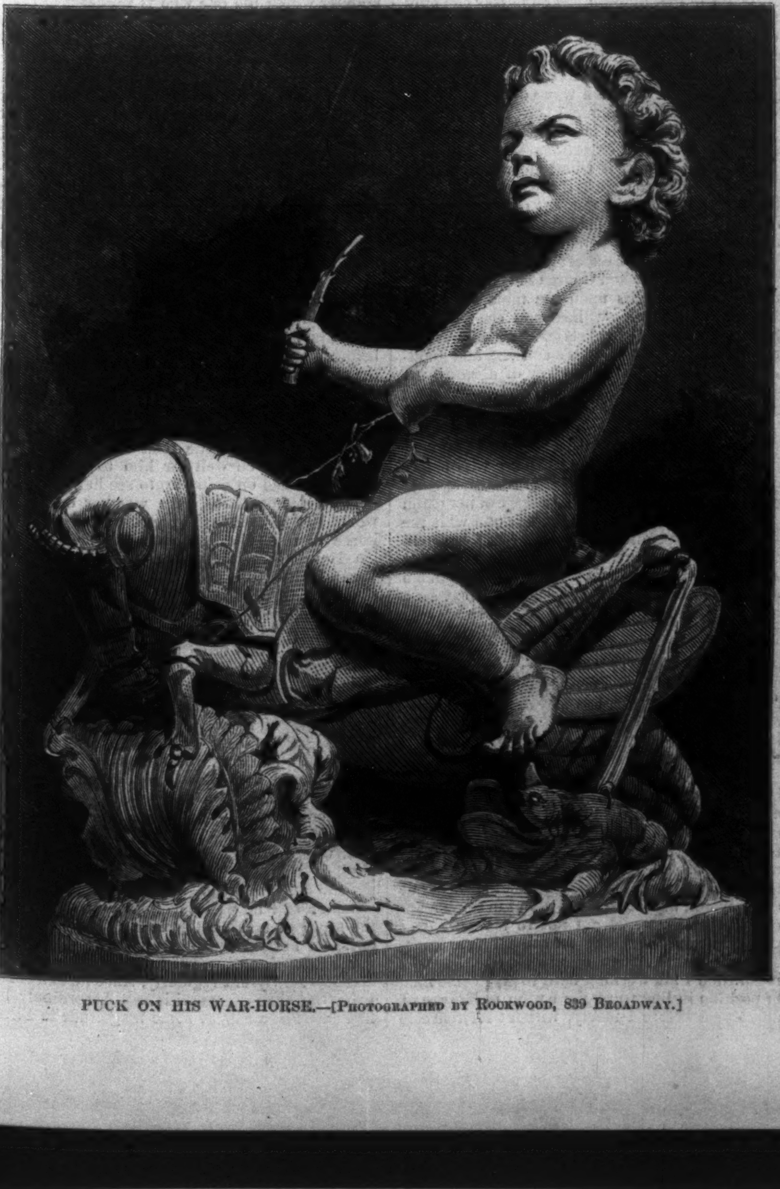
PUCK ON HIS WAR-HORSE.

One of the most attractive figures in the "Statuary Room" of the Academy of Design during the late Exhibition was the statuette of "Puck riding on a Grasshopper," which we reproduce on this page. It was designed by Mr. Edward F. Kuntze: it was not his intention, we believe, to illustrate any particular passage in Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," as has been asserted, but giving rein to his fancy he has represented "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow," the "Jester of Oberon," and "the merry wanderer of the night," mounted on a grasshopper and playing the warrior. It has been proposed by a number of gentlemen to have this work cast in bronze and placed in the "Children's playground" which the Commissioners are now laying out in Central Park. It would make a beautiful and appropriate ornament for that locality. No appropriation for the purchase of statuary for the Park has ever been made by the city; the collection in the old Armory building and the few figures on the Mall and in the Ramble have been donated by private individuals; even the proposed statue of Shakspeare is to be paid for by individual subscriptions. This is not right: each New Yorker takes an individual pride and pleasure in Central Park; there is no tax he so willingly submits to as that for its maintenance and improvement; and no citizen of the metropolis will object to the city authorities judiciously spending their money for the proper and discriminating ornamentation of the Park with statues and other suitable works of art. The present project with regard to the statue of "Puck" is to purchase it of the artist by individual subscription. The cost of the figure in bronze will be about $3500. A considerable sum has been already subscribed, but the books for receiving additional subscriptions is still open at the office of G. P. Putnam & Son, No. 661 Broadway. The opportunity to secure this work for the very appropriate purpose suggested should not be lost on those who take a pride in the decoration of the Park.

DEATH OF MISS SEDGWICK.

Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, whose death near Roxbury, Massachusetts, on July 31 has been announced, was to the last generation what Miss Mulock is to this. Her novels are of the same moral and domestic character—not, perhaps, as dramatically and artistically constructed as those of Miss Mulock, but as instructive and charming; both authors have become standard, and the books of each are found in almost every family and school and public library in the country.

Miss Sedgwick was born in 1789, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and was, therefore, in her 78th year at the time of her death. She began to publish in 1822, her first novel, "A New England Tale," being given to the public in that year. The majority of her later works are among the standard publications of Harper & Brothers. Miss Sedgwick's last publication was a "Life of Joseph Curtis." She was the author, besides, of a great number of essays and stories in magazines, all pervaded and informed with her clear good sense and graceful style.



PUCK ON HIS WAR-HORSE.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. SHELDON ACCEPTS HER DESTINY.

Miss Halliday had an interview with her mother that evening in Mrs. Sheldon's dressing-room, while that lady was preparing for rest, with considerable elaboration of detail in the way of hair-brushing, and putting away of neck-ribbons and collars and trinkets in smart little boxes and handy little drawers, all more or less odorous from the presence of dainty satin-covered sachets. The sachets, and the drawers, and boxes, and trinkets were Mrs. Sheldon's best anchorage in this world. Such things as these were the things that made life worth endurance for this poor weak little woman; and they were more real to her than her daughter, because more easy to realize. The beautiful, light-hearted girl was a being whose existence had been always something of a problem for Georgina Sheldon. She loved her after her own feeble fashion, and would have jealously asserted her superiority over every other daughter in the universe; but the power to understand her or to sympathize with her had not been given to that narrow mind. The only way in which Mrs. Sheldon's affection showed itself was unquestioning indulgence and the bestowal of frivolous gifts, chosen with no special regard to Charlotte's requirements, but rather because they happened to catch Mrs. Sheldon's eye as they glittered or sparkled in the windows of Bayswater repositories.

Mr. Sheldon happened to be dining out on this particular evening. He was a guest at a great City feast, to which some of the richest men upon 'Change had been bidden; so Miss Halliday had an excellent opportunity for making her confession.

Poor Georgy was not a little startled by the avowal.

"My darling Lotta," she screamed, "do you think your papa would ever consent to such a thing?"

"I think my dear father would have consented to any thing likely to secure my happiness, mamma," the girl answered, sadly.

She was thinking how different this crisis in her life would have seemed if the father she had loved so dearly had been spared to help and counsel her.

"I was not thinking of my poor dear first husband," said Georgy. This numbering of her husbands was always unpleasant to Charlotte. It seemed such a very business-like mode of description to be applied to the father she so deeply regretted.

"I was thinking of your step-papa," continued Mrs. Sheldon. "He would never consent to your marrying Mr. Hawkehurst, who really seems to have nothing to recommend him except his good looks and an obliging disposition with regard to orders for the theatres."

"I am not bound to consult my step-father's wishes. I only want to please you, mamma."

"But, my dear, I can not possibly consent to any thing that Mr. Sheldon disapproves."

"Oh, mamma, dear kind mamma, do have an opinion of your own for once in a way! I dare say Mr. Sheldon is the best possible judge of every thing connected with the Stock Exchange and the money-market; but don't let him choose a husband for me. Let me have your approval, mamma, and I care for no one else. I don't want to marry against your will. But I am sure you like Mr. Hawkehurst." Mrs. Sheldon shook her head despondingly.

"It's all very well to like an agreeable young man as an occasional visitor," she said, "especially when most of one's visitors are middle-aged City people. But it is a very different thing when one's only daughter talks of marrying him. I can't imagine what can have put such an idea as marriage into your head. It is only a few months since you came home from school; and I fancied that you would have stopped with me for years before you thought of settling."

Miss Halliday made a wry face.

"Dear mamma," she said, "I don't want to 'settle.' That is what one's house-maid says, isn't it, when she talks of leaving service and marrying some young man from the baker's or the grocer's? Valentine and I are not in a hurry to be married. I am sure, for my own part, I don't care how long our engagement lasts. I only wish to be quite candid and truthful with you, mamma; and I thought it a kind of duty to tell you that he loves me, and that—I love him—very dearly."

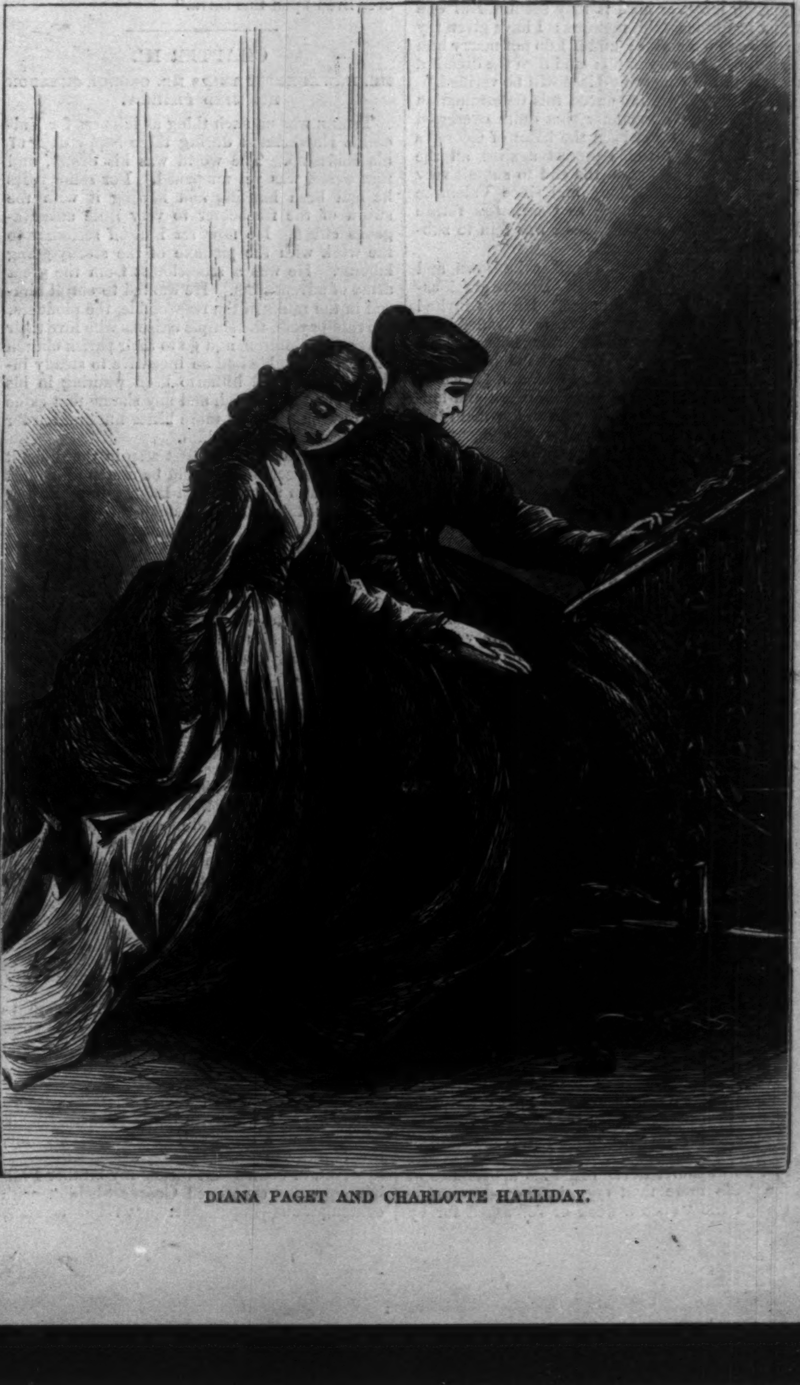
These last words were spoken with extreme shyness.

Mrs. Sheldon laid down her hair-brushes, while she contemplated her daughter's blushing face. Those blushes had become quite a chronic affection with Miss Halliday of late.

"But, good gracious me, Charlotte," she exclaimed, growing peevish in her sense of helplessness, "who is to tell Mr. Sheldon?"

"There is no necessity for Mr. Sheldon to be enlightened yet a while, mamma. It is to you I owe duty and obedience—not to him. Pray keep my secret, kindest, and most indulgent of mothers, and—and ask Valentine to come and see you now and then."

"Ask him to come and see me, Charlotte! You must know very well that I never invite any



DIANA PAGET AND CHARLOTTE HALLIDAY.

one to dinner except at Mr. Sheldon's wish. I am sure I quite tremble at the idea of a dinner. There is such trouble about the waiting, and such dreadful uncertainty about the cooking. And if one has it all done by Birch's people, one's cook gives warning next morning," added poor Georgy, with a dismal recollection of recent perplexities. "I am sure I often wish myself young again, in the dairy at Barlingford, making matrimony cakes for a tea-party, with a ring and a fourpenny-piece hidden in the middle. I'm sure the Barlingford tea-parties were pleasanter than Mr. Sheldon's dinners, with those solemn City people, who can't exist without clear turtle and red mullet."

"Ah, mother dear, our lives were altogether happier in those days. I delight in the Yorkshire tea-parties, and the matrimony cakes, and all the talk and laughter about the fourpenny-piece and the ring. I remember getting the fourpenny-piece at Newhall last year. And that means that one is to die an old maid, you know. And now I am engaged. As to the dinners, mamma, Mr. Sheldon may keep them all to himself and his City friends. Valentine is the last person in the world to care for clear turtle. If you will let him drop in sometimes of an afternoon—say once a week or so—when you, and I, and Diana are sitting at our work in the drawing-room, and if you will let him hand us our cups at our five-o'clock tea, he will be the happiest of men. He adores tea. You'll let him come, won't you, dear? Oh, mamma, I feel just like a servant who asks to be allowed to see her 'young man.' Will you let my young man come to tea, once in a way?"

"Well, Charlotte, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Sheldon, with increasing helplessness. "It's really a very dreadful position for me to be placed in."

"Quite appalling, is it not, mamma? But then I suppose it is a position that people afflicted with daughters must come to sooner or later."

"If it were the mere civility of asking him to tea," pursued poor Georgy, heedless of this flippant interruption, "I'm sure I should be the last to make any objection. Indeed, I am under a kind of obligation to Mr. Hawkehurst, for his polite attention has enabled us to go to the theatres very often when your papa would not have thought of buying tickets. But then, you see, Lotta, the question in point is not his coming to our five-o'clock tea—which seems really a perfect mockery to any one brought up in Yorkshire—but whether you are to be engaged to him."

"Dear mamma, *that* is not a question at all, for I am already engaged to him."

"But, Charlotte—"

"I do not think I could bring myself to disobey you, dear mother," continued the girl, tenderly, "and if you tell me, of your own free-will, and acting on your own conviction, that I am not to marry him, I must bow my head to your decision, however hard it may seem. But one thing is quite certain, mamma: I have given my promise to Valentine; and if I do not marry him I shall never marry at all; and then the dreadful augury of the fourpenny-piece will be verified."

Miss Halliday pronounced this determination with a decision of manner that quite overawed her mother. It had been the habit of Georgy's mind to make a feeble protest against all the mutations of life, but in the end to submit very quietly to the inevitable; and since Valentine Hawkehurst's acceptance as Charlotte's future husband seemed inevitable she was fain to submit in this instance also.

Valentine was allowed to call at the Lawn, and was received with a feeble, half-plaintive graciousness by the lady of the house. He was invited to stop for the five-o'clock tea, and availed himself rapturously of this delightful privilege. His instinct told him what gentle hand had made the meal so dainty and home-like, and for whose pleasure the phantasmal pieces of bread-and-butter usually supplied by the trim parlor-maid had given place to a salver loaded with innocent delicacies in the way of pound-cake and apricot-jam.

Mr. Hawkehurst did his uttermost to deserve so much indulgence. He scoured London in search of free admissions for the theatres, hunting "Ragamuffins" and members of the Cibber Club, and other privileged creatures, at all their places of resort. He watched for the advent of novels adapted to Georgy's capacity—lively records of croquet and dressing and love-making, from smart young Amazons in the literary ranks, or deeply interesting romances of the sensational school, with at least nine deaths in the three volumes, and a comic house-maid, or a contumacious "Buttons," to relieve the gloom by their playful waggeries. He read Tennyson or Owen Meredith, or carefully selected "bits" from the works of a younger and wilder bard, while the ladies worked industriously at their prie-dieu chairs, or Berlin brioches, or Shetland couvre-pieds, as the case might be. The patroness of a fancy fair would scarcely have smiled approvingly on the novel effects in *crochet à tricoter* produced by Miss Halliday during these pleasant lectures.

"The rows *will* come wrong," she said, piteously, "and Tennyson's poetry is so very absorbing!"

Mr. Hawkehurst showed himself to be possessed of honorable, not to say delicate, feelings in his new position. The Gothic villa was his paradise, and the gates had been freely opened to admit him whensoever he chose to come. Georgy was just the sort of person from whom people take ells after having asked for inches; and once having admitted Mr. Hawkehurst as a privileged guest, she would have found it very difficult to place any restriction upon the number of his visits. Happily for this much-perplexed matron Charlotte and her lover were strictly honorable. Mr. Hawkehurst never made his appearance at the Villa more than once in the same week, though the "once a week or so" asked for by Charlotte might have been stretched to a wider significance.

When Valentine obtained orders for the theatre he sent them by post, scrupulously refraining from making them the excuse for a visit.

"That was all very well when I was a freebooter," he said to himself, "only admitted on sufferance, and liable to have the door shut in my face any morning. But I am trusted now, and I must prove myself worthy of my future mother-in-law's confidence. Once a week! One seventh day of unspeakable happiness—bliss without alloy! The six other days are very long and dreary. But then they are only the lustreless setting in which that jewel the seventh shines so gloriously. Now, if I were Waller, what verses I would sing about my love! Alas, I am only a commonplace young man, and can find no new words in which to tell the old sweet story!"

If the orders for stalls and private-boxes were not allowed to serve as an excuse for visits, they at least necessitated the writing of letters; and no human being, except a lover, would have been able to understand why such long letters must needs be written about such a very small business. The letters secured replies; and when the order sent was for a box, Mr. Hawkehurst was generally invited to occupy a seat in it. Ah, what did it matter on those happy nights how hackneyed the plot of the play, how bald the dialogue, how indifferent the acting! It was all alike delightful to those two spectators; for a light that shone neither on earth nor sky brightened every thing they looked on when they sat side by side.

And during all these pleasant afternoons at the Villa, or evenings at the theatre, Diana Paget had to sit by and witness the happiness which she had dreamed might some day be hers. It was a part of her duty to be present on these occasions, and she performed that duty punctiliously. She might have made excuses for absenting herself, but she was too proud to make any such excuses.

"Am I such a coward as to tell a lie in order to avoid a little pain more or less? If I say I have a headache, and stay in my own room while he is here, will the afternoon seem any more pleasant or any shorter to me? The utmost difference would be the difference between a dull pain and a sharp pain; and I think the sharper agony is easier to bear."

Having argued with herself thus, Miss Paget endured her weekly martyrdom with Spartan fortitude.

"What have I lost?" she said to herself, as she stole a furtive glance now and then at the familiar face of her old companion. "What is this treasure, the loss of which makes me seem to myself such an abject wretch? Only the love of a man who at his best is not worthy of this girl's pure affection, and at his worst must have been unworthy even of mine. But then at his worst he is dearer to me than the best man who ever lived upon this earth."

CHAPTER III.

MR. HAWKEHURST TELLS MR. GEORGE SHELDON HIS MIND PLAINLY.

THERE was no such thing as idleness for Valentine Hawkehurst during these happy days of his courtship. The world was his oyster, and that oyster was yet unopened. For some years he had been hacking and hewing it with the sword of the freebooter to very little advantageous effect. He now set himself seriously to the work with the pickaxe of the steady-going laborer. He was a secessionist from the great army of adventurers. He wanted to enroll himself in the ranks of the respectable, the plodders, the rate-payers, the simple citizens who love their wives and children, and go to their parish church on Sundays. He had an incentive to steady industry which had hitherto been wanting in his life. He was beloved, and any shame that came to him would be still more bitter humiliation for the woman who loved him.

He felt that the very first step in the difficult path of respectability would be a step that must separate him from Captain Paget; but just now separation from that gentleman seemed scarcely advisable. If there was any mischief in that Ullerton expedition, any collusion between the Captain and the Reverend Goodge, it would assuredly be well for Valentine to continue a mode of life which enabled him to be tolerably well informed as to the movements of the slippery Horatio. In all the outside positions of life expedience must ever be the governing principle; and expedience forbade any immediate break with Captain Paget.

"Whatever you do, keep your eye upon the Captain," said George Sheldon, in one of many interviews, all bearing upon the Haygarth succession. "If there is any underhand work going on between him and Philip you must be uncommonly slow of perception if you can't ferret it out. I'm very sorry you met Charlotte Halliday in the north, for of course Phil must have heard of your appearance in Yorkshire, and that will set him wondering at any rate, especially as he will no doubt have heard the Dorking story from Paget. He pretended he saw you leave town the day you went to Ullerton, but I am half inclined to believe that was only a trap."

"I don't think Mr. Sheldon has heard of my appearance in Yorkshire yet."

"Indeed! Miss Charlotte doesn't care to make a confidant of her step-father, I suppose. Keep her in that mind, Hawkehurst. If you play your cards well, you ought to be able to get her to marry you on the quiet."

"I don't think that would be possible. In fact, I am sure Charlotte would not marry without her mother's consent," answered Valentine, thoughtfully.

"And of course that means my brother Philip's consent," exclaimed George Sheldon, with contemptuous impatience: "What a slow, bungling fellow you are, Hawkehurst! Here is an immense fortune waiting for you, and a pretty girl in love with you, and you dawdle and deliberate as if you were going to the dentist's to have a tooth drawn. You've fallen into a position that any man in London might envy, and you don't seem to have the smallest capability of appreciating your good luck."

"Well, perhaps I am rather slow to realize the idea of my good fortune," answered Valentine, still very thoughtfully. "You see, in the first place, I can't get over a shadowy kind of feeling with regard to that Haygarthian fortune. It is too far away from my grasp, too large, too much of the stuff that dreams and novels are made of. And in the second place, I love Miss Halliday so fondly and so truly that I don't like the notion of making my marriage with her any part of the bargain between you and me."

Mr. Sheldon contemplated his confederate with unmitigated disdain. "Don't try that sort of thing with me, Hawkehurst," he said; "that sentimental dodge may answer very well with some men, but I'm about the last to be taken in by it. You are playing fast-and-loose with me, and you want to throw me over—as my brother Phil would throw me over if he got the chance."

"I am not playing fast-and-loose with you," replied Valentine, too disdainful of Mr. Sheldon for indignation. "I have worked for you faithfully, and kept your secret honorably, when I had every temptation to reveal it. You drove your bargain with me, and I have performed my share of the bargain to the letter. But if you think I am going to drive a bargain with you about my marriage with Miss Halliday you are very much mistaken. That lady will marry me when she pleases, but she shall not be entrapped into a clandestine marriage for your convenience."

"Oh, that's your ultimatum is it, Mr. Joseph Surface?" said the lawyer, biting his nails fiercely, and looking askant at his ally with angry eyes. "I wonder you don't wind up by saying that the man who could trade upon a woman's affection for the advancement of his fortune deserves to—get it hot, as our modern slang has it. Then I am to understand that you decline to precipitate matters?"

"I most certainly do."

"And the Haygarth business is to remain in abeyance while Miss Halliday goes through the tedious formula of a sentimental courtship?"

"I suppose so."

"Humph! that's pleasant for me."

"Why should you make the advancement of Miss Halliday's claims contingent on her marriage? Why not assert her rights at once?"

"Because I will not trust my brother Philip. The day that you show me the certificate of your marriage with Charlotte Halliday is the day on which I shall make my first move in this business. I told you the other day that I would rather make a bargain with you than with my brother."

"And what kind of bargain do you expect to make with me when Miss Halliday is my wife?"

"I'll tell you, Valentine Hawkehurst," replied the lawyer, squaring his elbows upon his desk in his favorite attitude, and looking across the table at his coadjutor; "I like to be open and above-board when I can, and I'll be plain with you in this matter. I want a clear half of Matthew Haygarth's fortune, and I think that I've a very fair claim to that amount. The money can only be obtained by means of the documents in my possession, and but for me that money might have remained till doomsday unclaimed and unthought of by the descendant of Matthew Haygarth. Look at it which way you will, I think you'll allow that my demand is a just one."

"I don't say that it is unjust, though it certainly seems a little extortionate," replied Valentine. "However, if Charlotte were my wife and were willing to cede half the fortune, I'm not the man to dispute the amount of your reward. When the time comes for bargain-driving you'll not find me a difficult person to deal with."

"And when may I expect your marriage with Miss Halliday?" asked George Sheldon, rapping his hard finger-nails upon the table with suppressed impatience. "Since you elect to conduct matters in the grand style, and must wait for mamma's consent and papa's consent, and goodness knows what else in the way of absurdity, I suppose the delay will be for an indefinite space of time."

"I don't know about that. I am not likely to put off the hour in which I shall call that dear girl my own. I asked her to be my wife before I knew that she had the blood of Matthew Haygarth in her veins, and the knowledge of her claim to this fortune does not make her one whit the dearer to me, penniless adventurer as I am. If poetry were at all in your line, Mr. Sheldon, you might know that a man's love for a good woman is generally better than himself. He may be a knave and a scoundrel, and yet his love for that one perfect creature may be almost as pure and perfect as herself. That's a psychological mystery out of the way of Gray's Inn, isn't it?"

"If you'll oblige me by talking common-sense for about five minutes, you may devote your powerful intellect to the consideration of psychological mysteries for a month at a stretch," exclaimed the aggravated lawyer.

"Oh, don't you see how I struggle to be hard-headed and practical!" cried Valentine; "but a man who is over head and ears in love finds it rather hard to bring all his ideas to the one infallible grindstone. You ask me when I am to marry Charlotte Halliday. To-morrow, if our fates smile upon us. Mrs. Sheldon knows of our engagement, and consents to it, but in some manner under protest. I am not to take my dear girl away from her mother for some time to come. The engagement is to be a long one. In the mean time I am working hard to gain some kind of position in literature, for I want to be sure of an income before I marry, without reference to Matthew Haygarth; and I am a privileged guest at the Villa."

"But my brother Phil has been told nothing?"

"As yet nothing. My visits are paid while he is in the City; and as I often went to the Villa before my engagement, he is not likely to suspect any thing when he happens to hear my name mentioned as a visitor."

"And do you really think he is in the dark—my brother Philip, who can turn a man's brains inside out in half an hour's conversation? Mark my words, Valentine Hawkehurst, that man is only playing with you as a cat plays with a mouse. He used to see you and Charlotte together before you went to Yorkshire, and he must have seen the state of the case quite as plainly as I saw it. He has heard of your visits to the Villa since your return, and has kept a close account of them, and made his own deductions, depend upon it. And some day, while you and pretty Miss Charlotte are enjoying your fool's paradise, he will pounce upon you just as puss pounces on poor mousy."

This was rather alarming, and Valentine felt that it was very likely to be correct.

"Mr. Sheldon may play the part of puss as he pleases," he replied, after a brief pause for deliberation; "this is a case in which he dare not show his claws. He has no authority to control Miss Halliday's actions."

"Perhaps not, but he would find means for preventing her marriage if it was to his interest to do so. He is not *your* brother, you see, Mr. Hawkehurst; but he is mine, and I know a good deal about him. His interest may not be concerned in hindering his step-daughter's marriage with a penniless scape-grace. He may possibly prefer such a bridegroom as less likely to make himself obnoxious by putting awkward questions about poor Tom Halliday's money, every sixpence of which he means to keep, of course. If his cards are packed for that kind of marriage, he'll welcome you to his arms as a son-in-law, and give you his benediction as well as his step-daughter. So I think if you can contrive to inform him of your engagement, without letting him know of your visit to Yorkshire, it might be a stroke of diplomacy. He might be glad to get rid of the girl, and might hasten on the marriage of his own volition."

"He might be glad to get rid of the girl." In the ears of Valentine Hawkehurst this sounded rank blasphemy. Could there be any one upon this earth, even a Sheldon, incapable of appreciating the privilege of that divine creature's presence?

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN WILMOT.

WHEN John Wilmot had parted with Ellen Bowden on the occasion of the latter's leaving for London he had bemoaned himself bitterly and openly, as became a loving, frank boy, and Ellen had shown superior self-command, and had developed that almost cruelly comforting manner which the one who is soundest at heart alone can show. He had been fearful, jealous, hopeless about her and her stability, and she had sought to assuage these various passions in her own sensible, affectionate, truthful way, and had failed while she was still present with him. But when they were wide apart, and John Wilmot was free from the painful excitement of hearing what might befall Ellen in London perpetually discussed, he began to reassert his own masculine superiority to absence, distance, and change—to console himself with the reflection that his own true instincts would have saved him from the snares of a false woman for his first true love, and to be generally sanguine.

So he continued for the first few weeks of Ellen's stay with her aunt, Mrs. Sutton; so he continued long after Ellen's letters became mere circulars apologizing for not having "written before," and for "not writing more now" (for the effusions whose frequent exit from her house Marian sagaciously ignored contained little more than these sentences); so he continued until further patient continuance would have been a weakness; and then he took thought as to the path it would be well for him to pursue, and finally decided on going up to see her.

He did not much care whether or not he would be welcome to the presiding powers of the house in which she was dwelling. He loved Ellen Bowden, and it was Ellen Bowden alone whom he had to consider. Such love as his for the girl he had known all her life her uncle and aunt would be powerless to compensate her for, if they caused her to lose it. So he went up with the determination fixed firmly in his mind that she should not lose it if fond efforts of his could teach her how to keep it still.

He was a good-looking young fellow, with the good looks of height and health, of honor and honesty; dark, clear-complexioned, open-eyed, with short curly brown hair and the upright bearing and slinging step of one who is no stranger to the carrying a gun and the breaking in of a thorough-bred colt. He had received greater educational advantages than the sons of yeomen usually receive, for he had been a private pupil in the house of the vicar of his father's parish, and the vicar was a gentleman and a scholar; and he was a young man gifted with the grace of making the most of these advantages, for he had kept his mind from rusting by going through a course of reading of the English classics, slowly but regularly, since he had come from the vicar's supervision. Accordingly he had shone as a star of some magnitude in Ellen

Bowden's little world. His selection of her had been deemed an honor; for report said that the vicar's daughter would have smiled upon him if he had sought her smiles. Altogether, Ellen Bowden was regarded by herself and others as a very fortunate girl, when it became generally known that she was going to marry young John Wilmot.

He had never liked the plan of her going up to London to be polished, as her mother called it. "She was quite polished enough for a farmer's wife," he said, "and he never wanted her to seem or to be thought more than a farmer's wife." They were young and happy, and they loved each other dearly, and there was nothing to stop their wedding immediately and being free to show how happy and loving they were—nothing to stop it, save this freak of Mrs. Bowden's that Ellen should go up to London to see life and be polished by intercourse with Martin's lady wife, Mrs. Sutton.

He kept up a hopeful heart about this girl with whom he looked forward to passing his life, until her letters, from being brief and cold, ceased altogether. That was her aunt's influence, he told himself, her lady aunt, who probably did not want further connection with rough country people, and who perhaps deemed Ellen pretty enough to command a better match in town. However, it was certainly not her aunt's mission in life to step between him and his wife, for that Ellen would have been by this time had she not gone up to be polished. Accordingly he resolved to go up and see how things were going—resolved to go up and battle for his rights against the subtle influence which was weaning his love from him.

He had many dark and angry thoughts about Mrs. Sutton in his mind as he traveled up. He pictured her to himself as a high-nosed, haughty-mannered, handsome, heartless woman, who would try to make him uncomfortable by being cold and distant to him. If she was this, he told himself he would put it plainly to Ellen that she would be wanting in some of the fine respect and consideration a woman should have for her future husband if she did not at once side with him and leave her aunt. It would be their lives —Ellen's and his—that would be welded together: no temporary alliance with her aunt ought to be maintained by the girl at the cost of a rift in their future permanent one.

He reached Mrs. Sutton's house about six o'clock in the evening, and before his appeal at the door was answered the trampling of horses made him look round to see Ellen, accompanied by a lady and gentleman, ride up to the steps. The lady was young, fair, bewitchingly pretty, and gentle looking. He never thought for an instant that she could be the terrible aunt whom he had come up to beard in her own den. Indeed he did not think of any thing, it must be acknowledged, for a minute or two, as Ellen stooped forward and held out her hand to him as he started forward to meet her, and exclaimed:

"Oh! John, how you frightened me! Aunt Marian, let me introduce Mr. John Wilmot."

"Quite a young Apollo," was Mrs. Sutton's mental remark as she bowed gracefully and languidly to the young man whom she feared might interfere with several of her present plans. Then she dismounted with the aid of her cavalier, and determined to "disarm Orson by courtesy."

"Let me hope that you will dine with us at seven, and go with Elly and me to a concert afterward," she said, sweetly. "You must have a great deal of home news to give your old friend, and I can not let her stay to hear it now, for we must go and dress; but dine with us at seven."

John Wilmot accepted the invitation with a greater amount of embarrassment than he had ever before believed it possible he could feel in the presence of any woman, even if she were a queen. He was not quite sure of what it behooved him to do. Should he go in at once—go in to the palace of this fairy queen? or should he retire to the depths of his hotel and dress himself in the most fitting array he possessed for the banquet?

"I will come—I shall be very happy," he stammered; and then he looked round to see whether or not Ellen was very happy in his acceptance of the invitation. But Ellen was springing from her horse at the moment, and he could not catch her eye.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. SUTTON'S LITTLE DINNER.

JOHN WILMOT had an extraordinarily good physique. He was one of those men with small heads, set well on between square shoulders, who, by reason of their bodily strength, rarely look mentally weak. For instance, on this occasion, though he had gone through several phases of nervousness between the moment of receiving Mrs. Sutton's invitation and the moment of his accepting it, there was no trace of the torture upon him when at length he walked into Marian's drawing-room. That lady herself, turning round to watch his approach and welcome him, acknowledged that the young yeoman might almost be a gentleman.

His nervousness had been a vague feeling, created by vague causes. Unlike a woman under similar circumstances, he had not sought to give form and substance to the experience that was about to come to him. He had only felt strongly convinced that he should that evening find himself in a society, and amidst surroundings, of the usages of which he was utterly ignorant. He had only feared that this ignorance might manifest itself and lower him in the eyes of Ellen.

But now, when he came into the room, he exercised so much constraint over himself as to seem, even to the keen blue eyes of Marian Sutton, to be very much at ease. The two ladies, the aunt and niece, felt the fact with a throb of surprise—the latter with a throb of pleasure that he bore himself as best became him; that the happy medium manner existed in a quarter where they could not reasonably have looked for it.

"It is like old days to see you again, John," Ellen said, as John Wilmot came over to the side of the chair in which she was lounging and fanning herself."

"Yes, it must seem as though you had only been separated for a day or two," Mrs. Sutton put in; "it always does seem so, I notice, when intimate friends meet unless either has altered very much."

"Then one of us must have altered very much," John Wilmot answered, decidedly; "seeing her in this way neither reminds me of old days, nor makes me think the old days any thing but long past."

"He shall mark the difference more before I have done with him," Marian thought: she said aloud,

"What nonsense we all talk about 'old times,' to be sure; when, if the truth were told, there is not one in a thousand who would wish to live them over again. I would not for one; would you, Elly?"

"The present is so pleasant to me that I can't wish for any change, Aunt Marian," Ellen said, deprecatingly; and then John Wilmot could not help feeling that the change from this room, with its delicately-papered walls, where glittering mirrors reproduced the profusely scattered beauties of art which Marian had delighted in collecting, to the best parlor of the house he sighed to make Ellen mistress of, would be great indeed.

His eyes mirrored his thoughts, as he let them fall questioningly, regretfully, lovingly, on the girl who had promised to marry him. She was changed; she was very much changed. His eyes told him that she was improved; but his heart rebelled against the improvement. It was not of an order to conduce to the comfort of the homely-appointed farm-house where her lines would be cast if she were faithful to him and to herself.

The change was too subtle for the blunt, honest mind of the young man to analyze it. It was expressed in every thing: in posture, in dress, in tone; and still, when he tried, he could not define it to himself. He had seen her in silks and muslins often of old; this robe that she wore now was only silk; and yet it seemed a far more exalted material than it belonged to women of his order to wear. As Ellen went on speaking to him, still leaning back lazily, with a self-possession that was new to him in her, still slowly waving the big black Spanish fan to and fro, he felt that she would be incongruous in his best parlor.

"My husband is away from home, Mr. Wilmot," Mrs. Sutton said, presently, "but we have not victimized you to the extent of making you our sole escort: Arthur Eldale is coming too; isn't it gorgeous of him?"

"Why?" John Wilmot asked.

"Oh, custom commands that gratitude be felt and shown when Arthur Eldale sacrifices himself at a concert and a quiet dinner to precede it," the lady replied, laughing.

Now a dinner at seven o'clock, and a concert to follow, represented much dissipation to John Wilmot's mind. It had been his proud and happy fate to attend three or four fifth-rate musical meetings in the market-town where Ellen used to live; and these had been gala-days to him. He had worn a flower in his coat on one occasion he remembered, and gloves that were too tight, and that hurt him in the wrist; but he had been happy in hearing "Come into the garden, Maud," sung by some one whom the local papers the next day declared to be a formidable rival to Sims Reeves. He could not understand why gratitude should be felt and evinced to Mr. Arthur Eldale for sharing such pleasures in such company. Before he could be instructed as to the reason, Ellen said,

"He will make dinner late, I know, in order to get out of the first part."

"I shall be very glad if he does," Mrs. Sutton yawned; "that trio for the piano, violin, and violoncello will be sweeter to me unheard."

"There's a fantasia, too, in the first part that will be an awful bore," Ellen said; "on airs from 'Trovatore,' I think."

"Why do you go if it's such an awful bore, Ellen?" John Wilmot asked; "you used to think enough of a concert, if it was good."

"I never heard a decent one till I came to town," she said, contemptuously. "Oh, Aunt Marian! you can't realize how our ears used to be tortured by people who would sing when they had neither voice, nor method, nor talent, nor any thing else: ours is such an overlooked corner of the world that it has cut out of the route of the stars."

Mrs. Sutton smiled languidly. "Poor child! I am so sorry that we can't do any thing you like better to-night; Eldale has made us discontented by talking of that new piece at the Adelphi."

"I suppose you have taken your tickets for this, and so you must go?" John Wilmot said, innocently.

Mrs. Sutton smiled again. "Unfortunately our tickets are given to us by the giver of the concert," she said. "A young lady, a friend of mine, makes her *début* to-night as a pianist: she is sure to be a great success, and I am much interested in her: that is our reason for going."

"Oh! and you know her?" John Wilmot said, with rather clumsy surprise Just then Mr. Eldale was announced, and the four went in to dinner.

Then John Wilmot's surprise increased. He had expected to see a handsome room, and a good table; but Mrs. Sutton knew what she was about, and was resolved to make both him and Ellen mark well the difference that existed between them now. It was not a noble-minded thing to do; but Marian had not a noble mind, and so she did it.

The dining-room was brilliantly lighted, and the scent of mignonnette filled the room. The party was so small to-day that the lady of the house had ordained that the repast should be served on a small oval table near to the window —a glittering oasis in a desert of Turkey carpet. Mr. Wilmot had dined at audit dinners, and at other great agricultural feasts, but he was, for all these experiences, a little thrown off his balance by the sight of the means by which his hunger was to be appeased to-night. He felt himself—this son of the soil—to be large and common, as he sat down before the snowy damask, and wondered if he was to drink out of each one of the many-shaped and colored wine-glasses, that shone, and glanced, and gleamed at his right hand. And the vase of roses in the centre, and the graceful specimen glass, with a single rare flower in it standing by the forks, they made him feel how far more fittingly Ellen was situated among them, than she would be in a room whose floral adornments consisted of asparagus in the fire-place, and a conglomeration of many-colored flowers in what his mother called the bow-pot on the mantle-piece.

Mr. Arthur Eldale, also, was not a tranquilizing element to John in this party of four. He was a man of about thirty-five or forty, dark, distinguished-looking, and gifted with a glibness of utterance, a facility of articulation, that made John Wilmot feel as if his words would all tumble out of his mouth the wrong way. And Mr. Eldale talked of so many things, and had been to so many places, and was apparently "up" in all the sports that the young farmer had hitherto thought were specialties of country born and bred men.

The dinner went by like a dream to the young man, who had never dined in such a way before. Really like a dream; for only in a dream could he conceive the possibility of savory dishes being wafted before him, and white-clothed hands filling many-colored glasses with sparkling liquids that made the voices of the others sound far away. Only in a dream could Ellen turn from him impatiently to listen to a stranger! Only in a dream could it come to him to feel that he was unworthy in some way, though he had never in all his unspotted young life been guilty of one unworthy or lowering act.

It was over at last, that sparkling feast, whereat poor John Wilmot had been at such a disadvantage. It was over; and the two ladies were gone up stairs to get their cloaks, and gloves, and fans, and the two men were left alone. And then John Wilmot did indeed feel that all his good angels had deserted him, and that he was not feeling as man should feel before man in the presence of this stranger, who had the gift of being inoffensive offensively.

Just at first Mr. Eldale kept silence; and that sunk John Wilmot in his own estimation. Then Mr. Eldale spoke; and that sunk John still more, for he was not clear as to what it behooved him to answer. "I suppose you know your fate, eh?" the gentleman observed, coolly; and poor John Wilmot wondered whether Mr. Eldale meant his (John's) fate with Ellen, and what it would be well for him to say. At last he said:

"I am not sure that I do know it."

"You don't mean that they have trapped you in here without telling you what they are going to do with you, do you?"

Arthur Eldale laughed, turning round and carelessly leaning his arm over the back of his chair. "You're to be taken to hear a trio in C minor."

"What is that?" John Wilmot interrogated.

"The very devil when you have to listen to it when you would rather be somewhere else," the other replied. Then he added, quickly, "That will not be the case with us to-night though. Ah! 'I said she was fairer than Dian,'" he quoted, rising up and going to meet her with an air of homage as Mrs. Sutton, in diaphonous drapery, floated into the room, followed by Ellen.

Once more, while they were waiting for the carriage to be announced, John Wilmot felt strangely oppressed by the mystery of the difference that had come between him and Ellen. She looked kindly at him, and she spoke kindly to him, but she did these things without that sympathetically kindred air which had formerly existed between them. Ellen, playing with a fan and gloves, and a scent-bottle and a pair of lorgnettes, was an utterly different Ellen to the Ellen of old, who would probably have dropped half of them in country-girlish clumsiness had they been put into her hands when he saw her last. The change of manner in his old familiar friend, though that manner still lacked the subtle refinements and delicacies of Mrs. Sutton's, put Ellen and himself farther apart than he felt himself to be from Mrs. Sutton. It was strange, but it was so.

The dream-like influence of the dinner was about him still as he sat in the small room at St. James's Hall and listened to strains that made his ears tingle. They tingled with two sensations, those unsophisticated ears of his. In the first place, he felt compunction for having ventured to institute a comparison between the melodies that had been sweet to him in his native wilds with those that went swelling up and down in this gas-lighted hall, and that issued from the throats of those whom he was staggered to find "looked like real ladies and gentlemen." He did not dream of offending; he was only superbly ignorant of all things out of his own orbit, when Arthur Eldale bent forward to Mrs. Sutton, imploring her to give him an introduction to a young lady who had just won an encore from her manner of singing "Clear and Cool."

"Don't be impatient; you shall meet her at dinner at my house next Wednesday," Marian replied; and then John executed his error, and said:

"I thought Mrs. Sutton was a tip-top swell, Elly; does she visit such—?"

"Such what?" Ellen asked, sharply, and before he could explain himself she went on:

"Pray don't make speeches of that sort, John; you don't know, and I can't tell you now, but it's a great honor—well, not that exactly, but quite a thing to be proud of to know artists."

"Painters?" John asked, inquiringly.

"Yes, painters, and—and—oh! all sorts of artists who are any thing—great singers, and great actors."

"Our squire never takes any notice of them down in our parts," John argued, stoutly.

"Our squire is an ignorant, old-fashioned old frump," Ellen replied, heretically; "he's just a little king down among you farmers, but he would quickly find his level in London. You see you are his inferiors," she went on, in an explanatory tone, "but in society he would only mix with his social equals or his betters, and be no one."

"Who is Mr. Eldale?" John asked, when he had partially recovered about the most severe rebuff a girl could administer to a man who loved her.

"Oh, every body knows Mr. Eldale," Ellen replied, impatiently, and then she remembered that her young agricultural friend was nobody, and considerately added, "at least not to know him augurs yourself unknown; he knows every one and goes every where, and he is so clever ever so many ways—paints, and sings, and rides like an angel; and he has such a house, Orrey Court, near to Hyde Park, and such lovely horses; it was one of his horses I was riding today," the girl continued, blushing with pleasure.

"He's very rich, I suppose?" the young farmer asked, slowly.

"Immensely. Aunt Marian says he draws at least ten thousand a year from a great brewery."

"And so you're in love with a rich brewer." John Wilmot's attempt at jocularity was painfully clumsy.

"Don't call him that, pray," the girl said, scornfully. "Several noblemen, earls, and dukes have shares in things, monster hotels and things of that sort, in this speculative age. In love with him! I might as well be in love with the Prince Imperial. Mr. Eldale might marry any one, Aunt Marian says. Don't talk trash about him and me."

"And any one might be glad to marry you, Elly," John said, with the feeble infatuation of a lover; "I only wish I could to-morrow."

"Mr. Eldale is a gentleman; you're different, you know." And Marian heard her pupil say this, and thought it was time to come to the rescue.

She came so gracefully, according to her wont. These women who wound with silver knives and bind the same with fine linen are likeable, though they are dangerous. They are likeable because of that habit they have of passing their hands over rough or sore places tenderly, with the tenderness that comes of ease of manner and self-possession of mind, and that has nothing whatever to do with the heart. So she came forward now, just as though she had heard nothing, and saw no necessity for such coming forward, and put herself and her kindness in sharp contrast with Elly's ingratitude toward the old friend whom she loved, though she was ashamed of him.

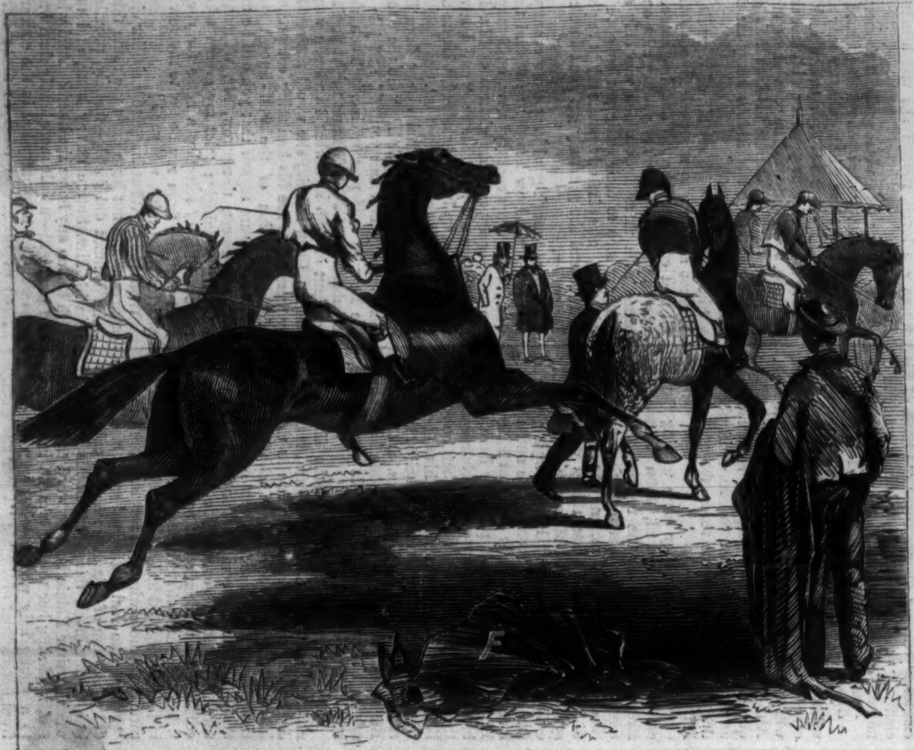
"What are you wishing about to-morrow?" she murmured. "Are you wishing what I wish, I wonder? are you wishing that we may all ride together to-morrow between twelve and two? I have heard of your powers on horseback, Mr. Wilmot, from Elly. You can show me how to make Cavalier change his leg; he's getting rough, you know, and it does worry me that he should lose his paces."

She said it all with an air of regarding Mr. Wilmot as one who was perfectly *au fait* with all that concerned herself and her horse. She was an adept in the art of putting men on good terms with themselves, which was only a preliminary step to their being put on good terms with her. She pleased that she might be pleased, in fact, and she generally got good interest for her outlay.

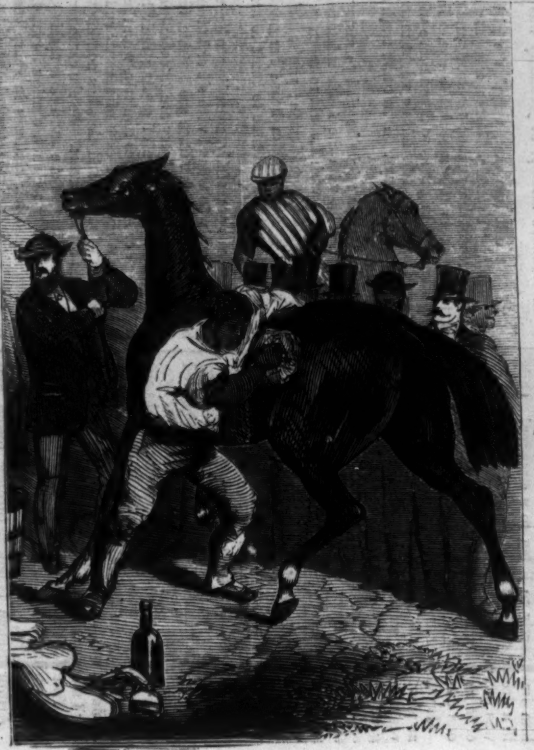
"I'm not much good 'cept cross country," he said, gruffly. How heartily he wished that he was going "cross country" now, undismayed by the slightly supercilious glances of Mr. Eldale and his own old love, Ellen; "and I have nothing to ride up here," he added, with an abrupt exercise of his reflective powers.

"You can get a capital mount from Blackman," Mrs. Sutton replied. "Go there to-morrow morning and suit yourself, and join us in the Row at half past twelve." Then she remembered that John Wilmot might possibly be ignorant of who and what Blackman was, and (unlike Ellen in this) she would not crush him by seeming to see his hesitating comprehension of the situation of the well-known stables. "Let me assure myself that you will be my escort, our escort, to-morrow, Mr. Wilmot," she went on, winningly; "let my groom take the responsibility of selecting a horse for you, and start with us from my house to-morrow at a quarter past twelve, will you?"

Would he? What man under similar circumstances would not have done the same thing as John Wilmot did gladly—namely, promised to be with Mrs. Sutton at any hour, and to ride with her on any horse she liked? And when he had promised—a little more loudly than was perhaps well in a temporary lull in the concert—he looked at Ellen, and tried to make her eyes speak approval of his acquiescence.



RINGING TO SADDLE.



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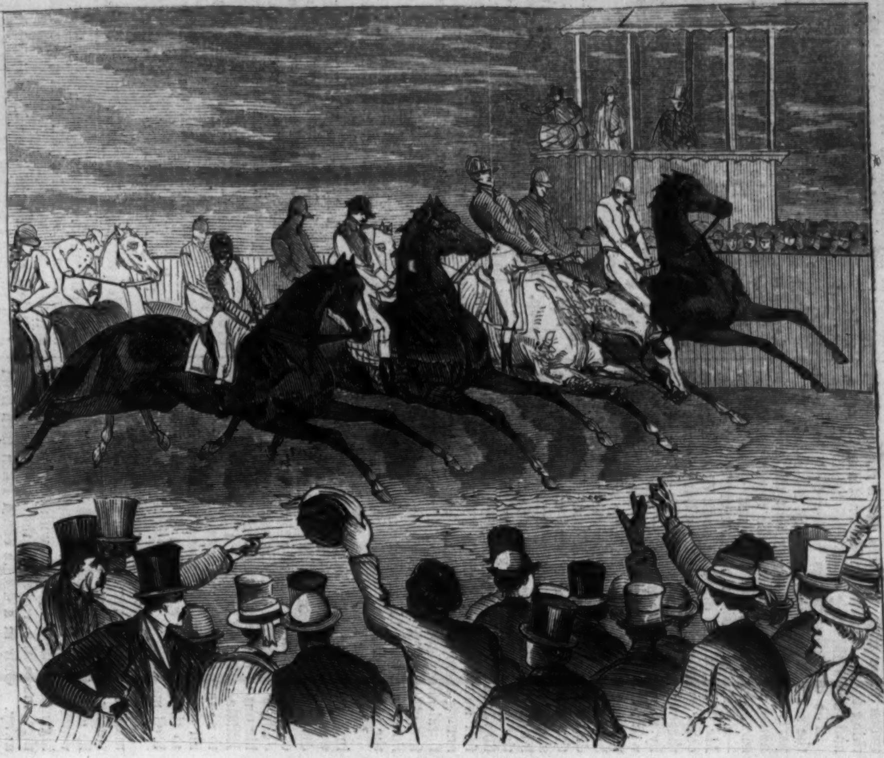

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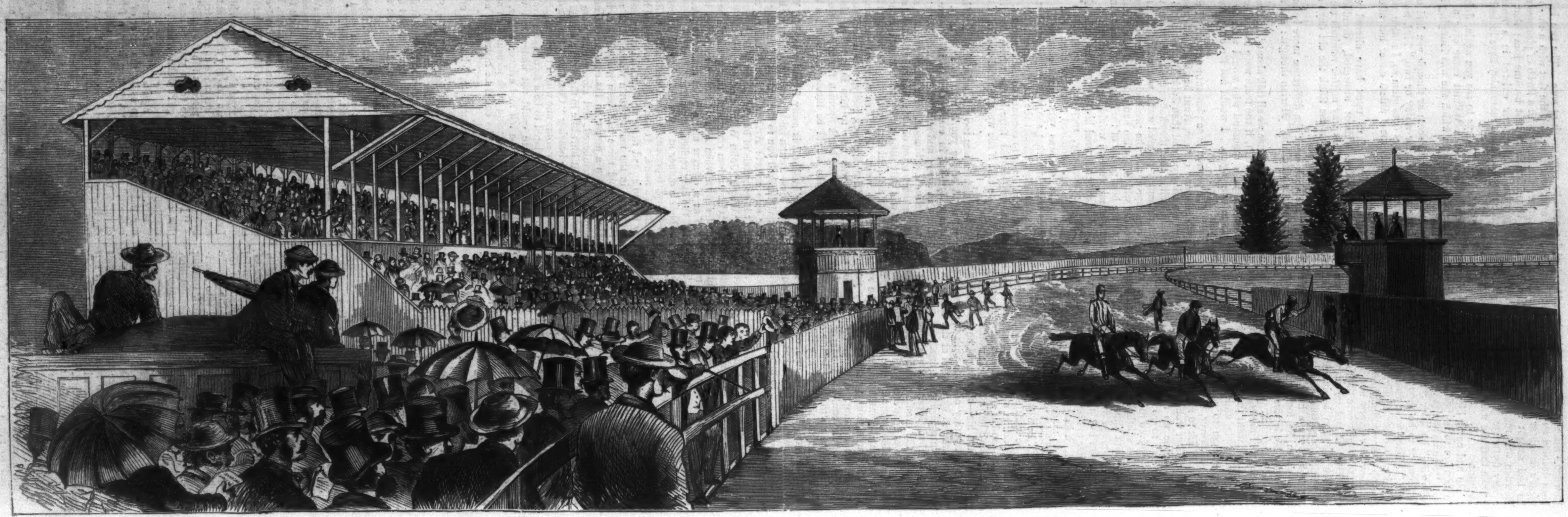
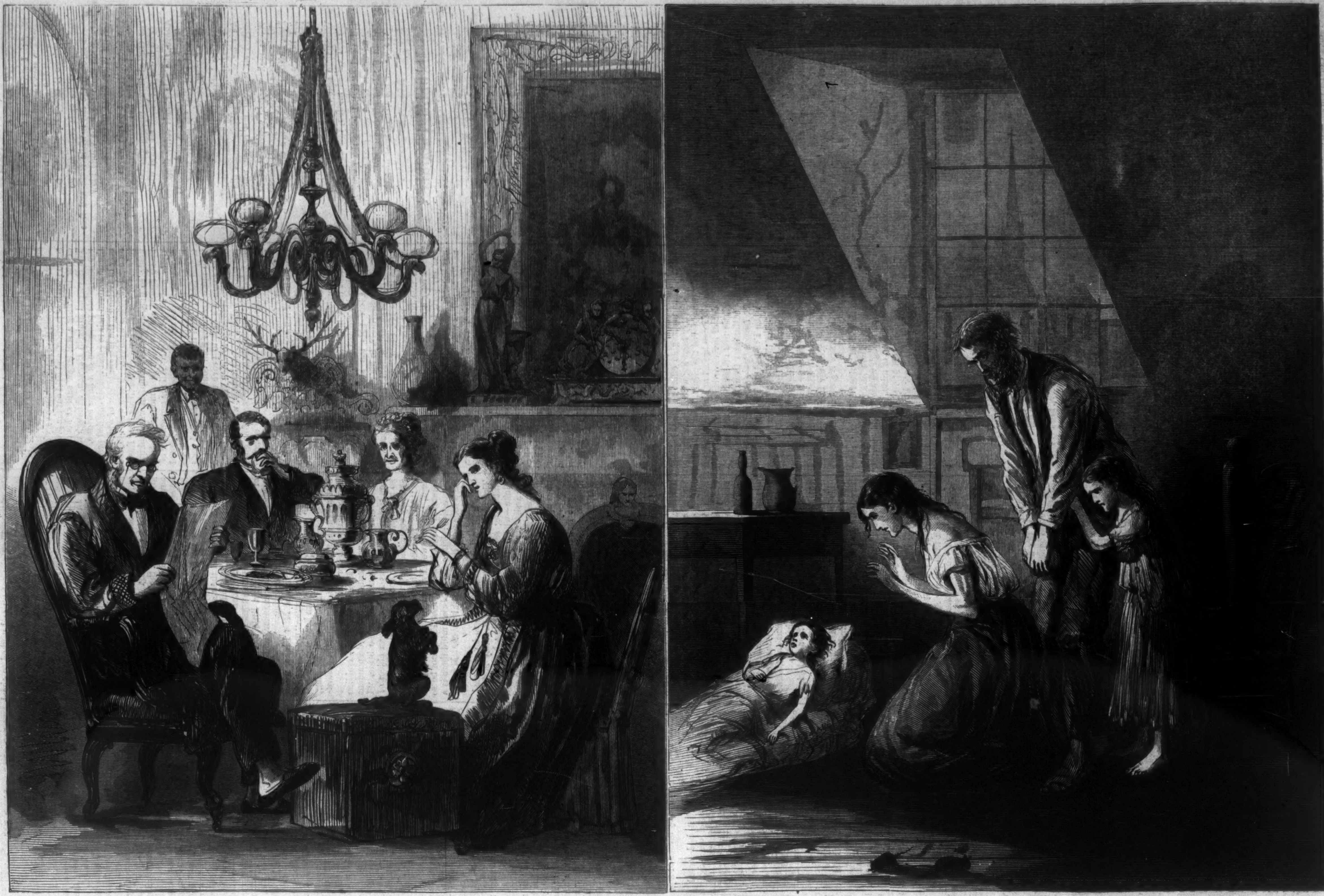


THE RACES AT SARATOGA, AUGUST 7, 8, 9.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 541.]



THE LANDLORD AND THE TENANT—"A TENEMENT-HOUSE STORY."—Drawn by W. L. S. Jewett.—[See Page 531.]

AT LONG BRANCH.

By day I stroll upon the beach,
Where smooth and green the wide sward lies,
And watch the shining ocean reach
To where it meets the azure skies.

Far off the white sails come and go
All through the day; while fresh and free
Along the shore the light winds blow
With briny odors of the sea.

The phosphorescent purple waves
Flash back the hot sun's summer light;
The crested billow, murmuring, laves
The broad sea-beach all level white.

Above, the pale clouds softly fling
Their shadows over sea and shore;
The wild gull dips his pearly wing,
The shrilly curlews dart and soar.

I see the bathers in the surf,
I hear their ringing laughter sound,
As I sit where the water meets the turf,
And all is green, not barren, round.

When mellow music weaves at night
Her magic spell, and jewels glance,
Dazed with the ball-room's dazzling light,
I mingle in the mazy dance.

In giddy circles, round and round,
From farthest end to end I go;
While flute and viol, blending, sound
With varied motion, fast or slow—

Till, tired at last, I leave the room,
And one is there who goes with me;
And in the long piazza's gloom
We watch the moonbeams kiss the sea.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUDDEN CLOUD IN A SUMMER SKY.

Clement's abrupt departure had excited very little surprise at Bramley Manor. He was accustomed to make similar journeys, and to make them at equally short notice. His father, who had his own reasons—with which the reader has been made acquainted—for wishing to keep Clement as much as possible in the society of Miss O'Brien, grumbled a little at first, and asked Stephens crossly why the deuce he couldn't find some one else to send, instead of bothering Mr. Clement about the matter. And Stephens had answered bluntly, and with the sort of democratic familiarity prevalent in Hammerham, that there was no one who ought to have been intrusted with the business excepting himself and Mr. Clem, and that if he (Stephens) had absented himself from the office for two days just at that juncture, Mr. Clem couldn't have done *his* work meantime; so it was better as it had been managed. And then Mr. Charlewood had said no more, and on the third day Clement had returned and made his report, which was favorable to the undertaking of the contract. The preparations for Augusta's wedding were going on rapidly. All day long a succession of trades-people, milliners, jewelers, dress-makers, besieged the lodge gate of Bramley Manor. Augusta's room was constantly strewn with costly fabrics, and the fair owner of the apartment seemed to live in the midst of a billowy sea of silks and laces and cashmeres. Mr. Charlewood's rich friends—and nearly all Mr. Charlewood's friends were rich—vied with each other in the costliness and magnificence of the wedding presents, which poured in on all hands. The friends in question having assured themselves that the young couple would have ample means to purchase for themselves any article of beauty or luxury that could reasonably be desired, spared no expense in loading them with rich gifts.

The Reverend Malachi Dawson had, of course, presented his bride with several elegant—though by no means vulgarly expensive—offerings. And Mrs. Dawson, who had talked with a good deal of importance and mystery of the "family jewels" she intended to bestow on her future daughter-in-law, brought out one day a great leathern casket containing a necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of opals and pearls—the latter a good deal discolored—and made them over to Augusta with considerable pomp.

"I would not have them reset on any account," said Mrs. Dawson, "and I hope that you will not do so either, Augusta. They were worn by my grandmother on her wedding-day, and had already been in her family for two or three generations."

Augusta Charlewood knew quite as much as Mrs. Dawson about the value of jewelry; and she perceived very plainly that the stones were poor and inferior, and that their setting was old-fashioned and unmitigatedly ugly, and she inly resolved that her own bridal attire should never be disfigured by so mean a parure. But in showing her trousseau to such female friends as were privileged to behold its glories, Augusta, after dazzling them with the glittering contents of velvet cases, inclosing the choicest workmanship of London and Parisian jewelers, would open a drawer, and taking out the battered old leathern casket, would say, loftily, "But, after all, *this* is the gift that is of more value to me than all the rest. It was given to me by dear Mrs. Dawson, and belonged to Malachi's great-grandmother. As a memorial of his *ancestors* it is priceless; because, of course, you know"—pointing to the brilliant gems around her—"these things can be purchased at any time; but no money can buy an *heir-loom*. I look upon this casket with quite a superstitious reverence."

And, indeed, so great was Augusta's reverence for Mrs. Dawson's yellow old pearls, that she never could be induced so far to desecrate the *heir-loom* as to wear it.

Mr. Charlewood gave his daughter a very handsome marriage portion, and held out the prospect of her inheriting a still larger sum at his death. The Reverend Malachi Dawson, although not in the immediate possession of a large fortune, was the undoubted heir to considerable entailed property in Ireland; the present holder of which was an aged childless widower. There was, too, the income of the very comfortable living near Eastfield; so that, altogether, Augusta was making by no means a bad match in a money point of view, and as to family! All the generations of ancestors whose names, as Penelope Charlewood had said, had begun with O, were undoubted historical facts. And there were genealogical trees with more branches than could be counted in a long summer's day, to prove the unsullied and distinguished lineage to which Mr. Malachi Dawson could lay claim. And besides, was there not the *heir-loom?*—that precious heritage of by-gone days! Altogether, it was unspeakably satisfactory.

Clement's favorable report as to the projected branch line of railway from Ballyhacket to Dunscorthy had occasioned him to be plunged temporarily into an unusual press of business. There were plans to be examined, calculations to be made, correspondence to be conducted, and Clement threw himself into the work with even more than his wonted zeal.

"Mr. Clem puts the steam on, Sir," said Stephens, admiringly, to his master. "He's got a head on his shoulders, and plenty of good-will to use it, has Mr. Clem."

"There's no necessity to knock yourself up about this business, Clement," said his father. "It's only a comparatively small job after all. For my part, I was in two minds about having any thing to say about it. Our hands are pretty nearly as full as we can manage just now."

Miss O'Brien, observing Clement's pale face, declared he had grown thin since his return from Ireland, and that he was working himself to death.

"You've never looked like the same creature, Mr. Charlewood, since that day you ran away so shabbily and left us in the lurch," said Geraldine to him, one evening after dinner. They were sitting at one end of the long drawing-room, and the rest of the family had gathered to the other extremity of the room, round a table strewn with maps and guide-books, for the wedding-tour was being decided upon in full conclave.

"Haven't I, Miss O'Brien? Well, in some cases it may be an advantage to look like a different creature from one's self."

"Now, you don't imagine it's any use angling for a compliment from *me*, do you? And with such very clumsy bait!"

"I *am* clumsy, I suppose," said Clement, dolefully. Then making an effort to rouse himself he added, scarcely knowing what he was saying, "I hope you enjoyed the picnic."

Geraldine O'Brien looked at him for a moment searchingly out of her clear blue eyes, and then said, with a little toss of her head, and perhaps rather more enthusiasm than the occasion warranted, "Oh, *immensely*—quite immensely. I don't know when I've had such a pleasant day."

"I'm very glad of that," said Clement, simply.

Miss O'Brien colored; but hers was a face in which the roses paled or deepened easily.

"I hope you enjoyed *your* trip," she said.

"Why, that was hardly likely; not but that I have very often enjoyed my business missions. Do you know that I saw a great friend of yours in Ireland?"

"A great friend of mine? Do you mean Arthur Skidley? I know he's in Dublin. But I beg to say that, though we are second cousins, he is *not* a great friend of mine."

"No; I did not mean Mr. Skidley, though I saw him too. I meant Lady Popham."

"What, fairy godmother!" cried Geraldine, clapping her hands. "Oh, you sly, secret creature, never to tell me one word about it!"

Then Clement explained to her, as well as he could, that he had hitherto had no opportunity of speaking to her since his return to Hammerham, and that he had only paid a hurried visit to Cloncoolin, driving over from Kilclare and returning the same night by the train from Ballyhacket to Dublin.

"And what did she say to you? Didn't she give you any message for me? Isn't she charming?"

"She received me very kindly, Miss O'Brien, and asked me to remain at Cloncoolin; but that was impossible."

"And do your sisters know that you went to Cloncoolin? I must tell Penny."

Geraldine was about to call Penelope across the room and impart the news, when Clement stopped her hurriedly.

"If you would do me a very great favor, Miss O'Brien," he said, speaking quickly and in a low voice, "you would not mention to any one what I have told you. Not for the present, that is to say," he continued, meeting her astonished gaze; "of course my people may know sooner or later. I told *you* because—because I felt that Lady Popham would naturally mention my visit when she wrote to you next."

"Your confidence is flattering, Mr. Charlewood," said Geraldine, with a laugh that was not altogether free from a touch of bitterness.

"If to be trusted be flattering I suppose my confidence is flattering; because I ask you to be silent on this matter, and I have faith that you will be so, when I tell you that your silence will oblige me very seriously."

"I'll not say another word about it, and there's my hand on the bargain," said Geraldine, deftly slipping her small gloved fingers into his for an instant, under cover of the folds of a lace scarf she wore. Then she got up and walked to the table at the other end of the room, and gave her vote as to the best route from Paris to Italy.

The time sped on, whether employed in work or play, and brought the wedding morning. The weather was as bright and cloudless as if it had been expressly ordered and paid for, and the sun shed an appropriately golden light upon the rich equipages and brilliant toilets of the bridal guests. It even stole into the long dining-room, where a magnificent repast was set forth amidst abundance of hot-house flowers, and touched the gloomy, obdurate oak wainscot here and there with a streak of gilding. The bride and bridegroom went through the ceremony with well-behaved placidity, and Augusta looked exceedingly lovely in her costly nuptial robes. It was altogether a most successful wedding; and the only tiny cloud on the general brilliancy of the proceedings was occasioned by Miss Fluke, who insisted on making all the responses in a deep sepulchral voice, and who burst into a loud fit of weeping as soon as the final words of the ceremony were uttered. Jane Fluke—who was one of the bridemaids—cried a little too, but in a modest, undemonstrative manner, and only as much as she thought becoming.

"My poor friend!" cried Miss Fluke, when they had all got into the vestry—"my poor, poor friend!" And she raised from her damp pocket-handkerchief a face so inflamed with weeping, and so red about the nose, as to present a startling contrast with her white bonnet.

"Upon my word, Miss Fluke," said Geraldine O'Brien, who was irritated by the despondent moan that was being made over the bride, "I don't see, myself, that Augusta is an object of so much pity. Your deep compassion for her is scarcely complimentary to my cousin Malachi."

"Ah!" rejoined Miss Fluke, with a choking sniff, "to the worldly and the thoughtless the ceremony we have just witnessed may not be so impressive; but to the Christian mind there is a deep solemnity in those awful words. My poor dear friend!"

In brief, Miss Fluke was not to be consoled. The party having returned to Bramley Manor, and being seated at the glittering board, Mr. Fluke—who had performed the ceremony with the assistance of two other clergymen—arose and uttered a grace before meat, which was so lengthy and so solemn, and pronounced with such a strenuous uplifting of the voice, as to make every body exquisitely uncomfortable, and to cause the company to feel vaguely that they had each and all done something to be very much ashamed of. Not till then did Miss Fluke begin to recover her spirits. Having joined in the final Amen with great relish, she fell to eating her breakfast with a cheerful countenance.

The banquet was over, the speeches were made, the toasts drunk, and the bride and bridegroom had departed for the Great Western Railway station, en route for London and the Continent. Walter, too, half hidden behind a pile of fur rugs and a bundle of walking-sticks, had taken a cab and driven away to another station, in order to catch the train for Holyhead, as his leave expired the following day, and he must rejoin his regiment in Dublin.

Then Mr. Charlewood put his head out of the door of his own private room which opened from the hall, and called Clement to come and speak with him. The old man's face—but recently flushed and glowing with excitement and gratified pride—seemed suddenly grown haggard.

"Is any thing the matter, Sir?" asked Clement, anxiously.

"Hush! Shut the door, Clem. Look here; this is not pleasant, is it?" And Mr. Charlewood put a letter into his son's hand, and watched his face while he read it.

"Good God! Benett and Benett!" said Clement, looking up hastily, before he had read two lines. Then he finished the letter in silence, and laid it down on the table before his father.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"Not a quarter of an hour ago—by the afternoon delivery. I found it on my desk, here, as I came back from putting Augusta into her carriage. Thank God she was comfortably away before I read it."

"Benett and Benett!" repeated Clement. "A house that one would have said was as safe as the Bank of England! It is terrible, father."

"It *is* bad, very bad, and we shall feel the pinch of it just now, with those India contracts on hand, and the strike among those fools of navvies in the north, putting us to all kinds of expense and botheration. But it might be worse, eh, Clem? It might be worse." And the old man looked at his son appealingly.

"Father," said Clement, resolutely, "it's no use deceiving ourselves or each other. This is a terribly bad business. If Benett and Benett is gone I don't know where to look with confidence. Hinde is sure to follow: he can't keep his head above water four-and-twenty hours unsupported. I tell you what I must do. I must go down to the telegraph-office and send a message to Dublin to say that we must decline the Ballyhacket and Dunscorthy contract. It is not too late for that, though in another week it would have been. We can't think of entering into any new undertaking until things look clearer. Send Stephens to the bank with a check for whatever you have there at this moment. It can't be much; but my belief is, you have no time to lose. This is the beginning of wide-spread trouble; I seem to see it all before me like a map. I know how many houses were propped up by Benett's. God bless you, father, don't be cast down; perhaps I see things blacker than they are, but it is best to face the worst. You won't distress my mother and Penny just now, of course. Good-by, God bless you!" Clement wrung his father's passive hand, and darted away, leaving Mr. Charlewood sitting with a white blank face gazing at the open letter on the table before him.

Book IV.

CHAPTER I.

ADIEUX TO KILCLARE.

The theatrical season at Kilclare, which had begun well, ended brilliantly. Mabel had indeed created quite a sensation among the good folks of that town and its neighborhood. Lady Popham's hint about Miss Bell's benefit held out too good a prospect of a crowded and fashionable audience for Mr. Moffatt to neglect it. The manager forthwith set about negotiating with Mrs. Walton on the subject. "I think," said he, patronizingly, "that as your little niece has done so nicely in Ophelia, it might be a good thing for her if I were to put up her name for a benefit before the end of the season. I like to encourage rising talent, and she really has great promise. I should say that in ten years' time or so she might positively do something very good indeed."

Mrs. Walton took no notice of the flattering hope thus held out, but went straight to the point in her reply.

"I couldn't think of allowing you to announce Miss Bell's benefit, Mr. Moffatt," said she, "unless you gave her some pecuniary advantage in it. There would certainly be a great house, and I think it would be only fair that she should get something in return for the attraction of her name."

The manager laughed his little grating laugh, which stretched his mouth without lighting up his eyes, and proceeded to debate the terms of the bargain.

Aunt Mary, who could always struggle better for another's advantage than for her own, made a good fight on Mabel's behalf, and succeeded in securing for her the promise of one-half the receipts of the benefit-night after a certain sum, which manager Moffatt was first to deduct for his nightly expenses. Hamlet was again chosen at Lady Popham's especial request, and, true to her word, her ladyship filled the boxes with a distinguished audience. In brief, the house was by far the best of the season, and when Mr. Moffatt's portion of the receipts was deducted there remained to Mabel the clear sum of twenty pounds.

Great were Mabel's delight and astonishment when Aunt Mary presented her with this mighty treasure; for Mrs. Walton had kept the bargain she had made with Mr. Moffatt a secret from her niece, hoping to give her a pleasant surprise.

Of course the first thing to be done was to repay her aunt and uncle the sum they had advanced for her journey to Ireland, and also her fare from Dublin to Kilclare. The disposal of the rest of her money was matter for weighty deliberation. Mabel would have liked to send it all at once to her mother, but she resolved to keep a small sum in hand, in order to supply herself with necessary articles for her stage toilet without applying to her aunt; and then the remainder was dispatched by means of a post-office order to Hazlehurst.

The little troupe that had acted together through the late successful campaign was scattered at the close of the season. Some of the performers remained with Mr. Moffatt, and proceeded with him to Dunscorthy, a neighboring town belonging to his circuit. The eminent tragedian from the principal theatres of the United States started for Liverpool, whence he was about to take a slight professional tour, embracing such promising and easily-reached localities as Van Diemen's Land and the Sandwich Islands.

The Trescotts, Mrs. Walton, Jack, and Mabel returned to Dublin; and Mabel was pleased to find, at the last moment, that old Jerry Shaw was going thither also. He was engaged at the Dublin theatre as what is technically termed "second old man." Mr. Shaw had his luggage forwarded to his destination by carrier, and set off with a knapsack at his back, his knotted stick in his hand, and Lingo by his side, to walk to Dublin.

"Are you going to walk all the way, Mr. Shaw?" Mabel had asked, in surprise.

"Every inch of it."

"But won't you be dreadfully fatigued?"

"Not at all. Why would I? Lingo and myself have tramped many a hundred miles together. He's great company on a walk when he's in spirits."

Mabel, on her return from Kilclare, was received by her uncle, Janet, and the Bensas with enthusiasm. A constant correspondence had kept them all thoroughly informed of the progress she had been making at Kilclare, and of her rapid advance in public favor; but they were never weary of hearing all the particulars by word of mouth, and of loading Mabel with praise and encouragement. Jack, too, had brought back solid and satisfactory evidences of industry and steady improvement in the shape of a port-folio full of studies and sketches. These were all laid before Janet, who examined them carefully, and translated them, as she called it, one by one, for her father's benefit. Although John Earnshaw always preserved a cheerful serenity, and protested that he saw the drawings as well as any body, through Janet's eyes, there was always a lurking melancholy in these moments, and Mabel frequently surprised the tears in Aunt Mary's eyes as she gazed on her sightless husband bending over his boy's pictures that must be blank to him forever. At such times Jack's high spirits proved invaluable, and he would presently have the whole family laughing till they cried, at his account of some ludicrous adventure at Kilclare.

Mrs. Walton lost no time in seeing the Dublin manager, and applying to him for an engagement for Mabel. She had taken care to forward to him the Kilclare newspapers with very flattering notices of Miss M. A. Bell's performance.

"My dear Mrs. Walton," the Dublin manager said to her, pleasantly, as he was giving her audience in his own business-room at the theatre, "my *dear* Mrs. Walton, you and I are too old stagers not to know the value of all that!" and he tapped the Kilclare journals that were lying on the table with the back of his open hand.

"Well, Mr. Barker," answered Mrs. Walton, with great simplicity, "of course I don't expect that you should believe all they say, but at least it is a proof that Miss Bell was well received and successful."

"Well, well," rejoined Mr. Barker, "I'm content to take *your* word for that, Mrs. Walton. But about engaging the young lady—humph!—you see it's one thing to do very well at Kilclare, and, excuse me, quite another to be up to the mark for the boards of *my* theatre!"

"If, as you said just now, you are willing to accept my word as having some value, I don't hesitate to say that I should not be in the least afraid of her making the trial. My niece has a great deal of talent, I assure you."

"No doubt, no doubt, but raw. Come, now, Mrs. Walton, you can't deny that it *must* be raw—very raw."

Mrs. Walton proceeded to combat this terrible charge of "rawness" with what skill she could command; and the manager, who had heard enough from other people to convince him that there must be unusual promise about this girl, and to cause him to make up his mind to give her a trial, graciously condescended to allow himself to be persuaded to give Miss Bell an appearance at his theatre, and, moreover, to promise that, should her first performance be successful, he would forthwith engage her for the remainder of the season.

"I can't guarantee business, you know, Mrs. Walton," said Mr. Barker, as he shook hands with her. "I never do that to any body. Miss Bell must put her shoulder to the wheel, and be content to get a little bit of fat occasionally."

Mrs. Walton promised that her niece would not be exacting or troublesome, and that she would swallow such choice morsels of fat as came in her way with all modesty and gratitude; and then the good little woman betook herself to the small house in the suburban square, to convey the tidings to her niece.

And so the prospect opened out before Mabel of professional advancement and success. She might reasonably hope now to make her way. There was much to be done, much to be endured, no doubt; but the first step was taken, and well taken. If Mr. Barker would but engage her, at ever so humble a salary, she might venture to send for her mother and Dooley. The sum that now sufficed to keep the two latter at Hazlehurst would serve to eke out her own earnings into a fairly comfortable subsistence for them all. They would be together. Together! Was it strange that the joy of this anticipation should be dashed by an unaccountable sinking of the heart at the thought that all ties between herself and Hammerham would be finally broken by this removal of her mother from the old cottage at Hazlehurst? "They *are* broken already," said Mabel to herself—"quite broken." But yet as long as Mrs. Earnshaw should remain within three miles of Bramley Manor—for it was, after all, of Bramley Manor only, out of all the thousand of houses in Hammerham, that she had been thinking—so long there would seem to be a link of communication between her and her old friends there. "I should like just to know that he was quite happy and contented," Mabel told herself. She had been so ashamed of her first feeling of pain and depression on the receipt of her mother's news about Clement and Miss O'Brien, that she had resolved to think upon the subject frequently and courageously until all such unworthy grudgings should have entirely passed away. Whether any such fixed resolve on her part were necessary to make her think of Clement Charlewood, may, perhaps, be doubted; but in her self-reproach it is certain that, far from checking such thoughts, she encouraged them. Mabel always pictured Clement as happy and prosperous, surrounded by all the luxuries of his wealthy home, employing the energies of his mind in pursuits which he had thoroughly at heart, riding through the green suburban lanes around Hammerham with the beautiful young Irish lady by his side.

Poor Clement! At the very moment that Mabel's imagination was busied with these rose-colored pictures of his daily life he was tearing about Hammerham in hansom cabs, haunting the telegraph-office, burrowing in heaps of papers, plans, letters, circulars, contracts, or threading the narrow dingy lanes in the immediate neighborhood of New Bridge Street and the canal wharves.

There were no more rides in the green suburban lanes. Immediately after the wedding Mrs. Dawson and Geraldine had taken their departure from Bramley Manor. There was no evening music in the gorgeous drawing-room, no afternoon croquet on the great smooth lawn, no sound of silver laughter or glimmer of gay dresses through the garden-walks. Least of all was there any thought of love-making or the joyousness of a happy wooer about Clement in these days. A man, let him be ever so much in love, can not think about his affection as constantly as a woman does. He can not dedicate every thought and action of his life to the one divinity as she can, offering up her whole being at this paramount shrine, and mixing the remembrance of her idol with every trivial as well as solemn act of her daily existence, from the bright ribbon twined amidst her hair to please *his* eye, to the hushed prayer she breathes for him to her God. Therefore Clement at this time was assuredly thinking very much less of Mabel than she of him. Down at the bottom of his heart there was still the strong love, obstinately persistent spite of all discouragements; but his head was daily occupied with matters in which this love had no part. And, as to any second passion, any even slightest flirtation with the brilliant Irish girl, we know that the idea of such defection had never crossed his mind. But Mabel did not know it, and went on picturing all kinds of cloud-castles, of which Clement and Miss O'Brien were the happy tenants, and wishing all kinds of magnanimous good wishes whereof they two were the objects. And terribly vexed was Mabel to find that she could not be as heartily delighted at these bright visions as she ought to have been; and severely did Mabel reproach herself for not being more joyful in her friend's joy!

CHAPTER II.

IN MERRION SQUARE.

IN the narrative of all that had taken place at Kilclare, which was copiously and faithfully repeated to Mr. Earnshaw and Janet, of course Alfred Trescott's violin solo, and the wonderful impression it had made, was not forgotten. Nor how Alfred had been sent for by the rich Lady Popham of Cloncoolin, and had played to her guests, and been praised, petted, and made much of.

"I am glad of it, truly," said Uncle John. "The fact is, young Trescott's playing is very remarkable, and I was quite sure that it only needed to be heard by competent judges to be highly appreciated."

"Well, do you know, John, the lad behaved so nicely at Kilclare—didn't he, Mabel?—and was altogether so improved that I have a much better opinion of him than I had. Indeed, I'm afraid I allowed myself to feel a great prejudice against the poor boy," said kind Aunt Mary, whose heart was full to overflowing of the charity that thinketh no evil.

"It's to be hoped that his good fortune may induce him to work hard, and confirm it," was Janet's practical remark. Jack averred that his prediction that Alfred Trescott would be playing a violin solo at the Philharmonic, in London, before long, would infallibly be fulfilled. Mabel said nothing. She did not like to seem churlishly incredulous as to young Trescott's success, but she could not overcome a secret conviction that there was something hollow and unstable about it all. "You don't seem quite converted to the Trescott worship, Mabel," said her cousin Janet, when the two girls were alone together in their bedroom.

"Oh, I think he is very clever, and plays very beautifully, but I fancy—of course I speak diffidently, because I am no judge—I fancy that he would have to work a great deal harder and more steadily before taking a really first-rate position. And I am afraid he hasn't much power of hard work in him. Poor little Corda, who idolizes her brother, feels that, child as she is."

"No," said Janet, dryly, "you see hard work is *not* pleasant in itself. The results of it are pleasant, undoubtedly. But to shut one's self up to dry solitary labor for five or six hours a day, without any admiring audience to cheer one, is a very tiresome and disagreeable thing. And if one could do without—"

"But *can* one do without, Janet?"

"I believe one can not be a first-rate fiddler without," said Janet, "any more than one can buy a new two-penny loaf for a penny."

Meanwhile, however, Alfred Trescott was basking with great enjoyment in the sunshine of Lady Popham's flattering praises. He had been twice or thrice at Cloncoolin since the occasion of the first soirée there, at which he had made so favorable an impression, and had played the enthusiastic romantic artist to the height of her ladyship's utmost expectation. It was all vastly delightful. The rich furniture, the lofty rooms, the noble park, the train of bowing servants, were charms which Alfred Trescott was thoroughly able to appreciate and to enjoy. To be praised was in itself a great pleasure, but to be praised by rich titled people, dressed in gorgeous robes and seated on velvet and satin, enhanced the sweetness of the praise ten-thousandfold. Nor was it the slightest drawback to Alfred Trescott's satisfaction that he had an intimate conviction that nine-tenths of his admirers were profoundly incompetent to judge his playing, and that he felt a secret mocking contempt for their ignorance.

In speaking to his patroness about Mabel he had in truth been warm, almost lover-like, in his praises. During the time at Kilclare they had been thrown more frequently and intimately into each other's society than had ever been the case before; and Alfred Trescott had not been slow to feel the charm of Mabel's refinement and fresh girlish beauty, and he had given himself up to the enjoyment of her society, until this first feeling had grown into as strong a passion as his nature was capable of. The idea of combating or controlling any strong desire of his own was one totally foreign to the young man's character; and, in the thought of winning Mabel Earnshaw, there was much that appealed to his worst traits, as well as to whatsoever spark of real love she had inspired him with. Setting aside the selfish gratification of his passion—the having that which he desired (always a paramount object with Alfred Trescott)—his vanity and his malice would be alike gratified by such a consummation. Mabel was a lady born and bred; possessing talents and qualities that could not fail to procure for her a foremost place in her profession; superior by her manners and education to any woman with whom young Trescott had hitherto been on terms of familiar acquaintanceship. So far vanity. And then Alfred had heard from Walter Charlewood a good deal, and divined by his own sharp cunning still more, of Clement's attachment to Miss Earnshaw. I have said that Alfred Trescott hated Clement Charlewood. He hated him because he was wealthy, because he was industrious, because he had been enabled by circumstances to confer upon Mr. Trescott and Corda some pecuniary benefits—which Alfred accepted as a debt, and yet resented as an insult—and partly also because he erroneously attributed to the rich Hammerham contractor something of that contempt for the Trescotts' poverty and profession which he himself would have felt in Clement's circumstances. If young Charlewood really loved Mabel, so much the greater would be the glory and the gratification of carrying her off.

Altogether, when Lady Popham spoke to him of the charming Ophelia, he was already well prepared to assume a love-lorn aspect for the old gentlewoman's behoof. And finding that the assumption of such aspect gave him an additional interest in the eyes of his patroness, and that she enjoyed the romance of a love-story between her two new protégés with infinite zest, he had no scruple in indulging her fancy to the utmost extent.

With Mabel herself he could not flatter himself that he had hitherto made any progress. "She's as proud as the deuce," said Alfred, "and keeps a fellow at an awful distance." Nevertheless, he by no means despaired. Although he was able to appreciate Mabel's artistic merits, and even the refinement and intelligence of her mind, it was not in the nature of things that he should do justice to her noblest qualities. A life guided and swayed by considerations of duty was incomprehensible and, indeed, incredible to him. "She'll do what she likes best, as far as she can, I suppose. Every body does. And I don't see why she shouldn't like me best when she finds I am rising in the world."

Such was Alfred Trescott's creed about the matter.

Lady Popham had set her heart on flaunting in the eyes of the world the jewel she had discovered. Her ardor was scarcely at all quenched by the many failures she had encountered in her pursuit of a "genius," and she resolved to introduce her new protégé first to the musical public of Dublin, and then in the following London season to take him to town.

Lady Popham had a house in Dublin—a large, old-fashioned, substantial mansion, which was always kept in readiness to receive its mistress whenever the fancy might seize her to visit the Irish metropolis; for Lady Popham prided herself on having emancipated herself from the shackles of routine in every possible way, and was wont to declare that she chose to have the full use and benefit of all her possessions at any time or season that might seem good to her. Accordingly her ladyship arrived in Dublin about three weeks after the Kilclare theatrical season had come to an end, and established herself in Merrion Square for the winter.

Alfred Trescott was engaged at the Dublin theatre, with his father, as a member of the orchestra. Some months ago the Trescotts had looked upon this engagement as a piece of great good fortune, but now Alfred treated the obscure position and humble salary with contempt. Had he been at all able to venture upon such a step, he would unhesitatingly have given up the engagement at once. But the weekly money was very desirable to enable him to make what he considered a good figure in the eyes of Lady Popham and her friends, and he coolly devoted the whole of his salary to his own personal expenses. Poor Corda, who was growing tall and thin, continued to be clad in the poor shabby frock that she had worn for half a year, and which was now sadly too scanty in its proportions. Her little straw bonnet was burned to a rusty brown, and her boots were not always water-tight; but Alfred's clothes were new and glossy, and well-made, and the loving child contemplated her handsome brother in his becoming attire with the most perfectly unselfish delight. Her father, at an early period of Lady Popham's patronage of Alfred, had been very desirous that the rich lady's favor should be extended to Corda. The child herself shrank timidly from the idea of being forced upon Lady Popham's notice, but Mr. Trescott, untroubled by any bashfulness or delicacy on the subject, would fain have had his favorite child share in her brother's good fortune. To the first hint of such a project, however, Alfred had returned a decisive, almost fierce negative.

"Look here, governor," he had said, in his coarsest manner, "you'd better stop this game at once. I'm *not* going to talk to Lady Popham about Corda. I'm not going to ruin my prospects by trying to fasten the whole family upon the old woman. It'll be much best for Corda and every body else, in the long-run, to let *me* get ahead. Of course, when I achieve a position, I shall take care of the kid."

So Alfred's visits to Cloncoolin, and subsequently to Merrion Square, were made alone; and whenever Lady Popham chanced to speak to him of his family she received the impression that his father and sister were heavy burdens upon his earnings, and that they somehow cast a shade upon the brightness of his talents and clogged his soaring wings.

Her ladyship was very full of business and excitement in these days, for she had resolved to get up a concert for the purpose of introducing Alfred Trescott, and the drawing-room of her house in Merrion Square became the afternoon rendezvous and lounge of several persons who found it conducive to their interest or amusement to second Lady Popham's hobby.

Mrs. Dawson and Geraldine O'Brien had returned to Ireland immediately after the wedding at Bramley Manor, and were staying in Dublin for a while. Arthur Skidley and his friend Walter Charlewood were also frequenters of the old lady's drawing-room, and she had pressed them into the service with her usual enthusiasm.

"You must bring all the young fellows you know, Arthur—every one of them. And I rely on your good offices too, Mr. Charlewood," said Lady Popham, àpropos of the projected concert.

Walter bowed and colored with pleasure, protesting that he would do the utmost in his power to make the thing successful.

The two young men had already mét Alfred Trescott in the house of his patroness, and—thanks chiefly to the cool self-possession and ready shrewdness of Alfred—the meeting had taken place without embarrassment.

"I have had the honor of being slightly known to both these gentlemen in Hammerham, my lady," said Alfred, bowing with a nice adjustment of his manner to a golden mean equally removed from servility and impertinence. And then it had been thoroughly understood among them that no further allusion was to be made to Plumtree's or any similar scene of their former meetings.

"Oh, a success!" cried Lady Popham, gesticulating with both her withered little hands, after the Italian fashion. "A success it *must* be. Of that there can be no doubt. But voyons un peu, who shall we get to manage all the business part of the concert? If I had but my dear old Neapolitan Maestro di Capella here! Somebody suggest something! Mrs. Dawson, Geraldine, you are both on the committee; I allow no idle members."

Mrs. Dawson, who had come to spend the afternoon, was seated in a large luxurious chair near the window, engaged in embroidering a cushion with very cold, shiny, uncomfortable-looking white beads. She shook her head deprecatingly. "You must excuse me, dear Lady Popham," she said, with an icy smile; "I am totally unacquainted with such matters."

Lady Popham shrugged impatiently.

"Oh, I have it, fairy godmother!" cried Miss O'Brien; "there's that nice little man who used to give me singing-lessons last winter. What's his name—Bensa? Bensa, to be sure. I've no doubt he would undertake to manage it, and preside at the piano, and every thing."

"Brava la mia Geraldina!" said Lady Popham, jumping up, and saluting her god-daughter on both cheeks. "The very thing. He must be sent for instantly, and consulted without delay."

Alfred Trescott, who had been sitting silent, looking over a volume of Spohr's violin duets in apparent absorption, but losing no syllable of what was being said, now modestly suggested that he knew something of Signor Bensa, and would undertake to carry a message to him for her ladyship.

"A merveille!" cried my lady, "only it must be a note. One should always be careful of the convenances in dealing with artists. They are so extremely and so justly susceptible."

So a note was written, begging Signor Bensa, with Lady Popham's best compliments, to favor her by calling in Merrion Square at a certain hour on the following day, and requesting him, should that be inconvenient, to name his own time. And the note, when written, was intrusted to Alfred Trescott to deliver.

"Queer start, that fiddler fellow turning up here, Charlewood," observed the Honorable Arthur Skidley to his friend, as they lounged side by side along the sunny side of the square on leaving Lady Popham's house.

"Yes," answered Walter; "he's in awfully high favor with my lady, too, ain't he? By Jove! I thought at first you wouldn't speak to him, because, you know, at Hammerham you were always saying what a cad he was, and all that sort of thing."

"He's—he's immensely improved," observed Mr. Skidley, thoughtfully, stroking his mustaches.

It may be doubtful whether any very sensible amelioration had taken place in Alfred Trescott's demeanor since those Hammerham days when Arthur Skidley had found him so intolerable. But in our judgments of each other so very much depends upon the point of view.

EXPANSION OF AIR.

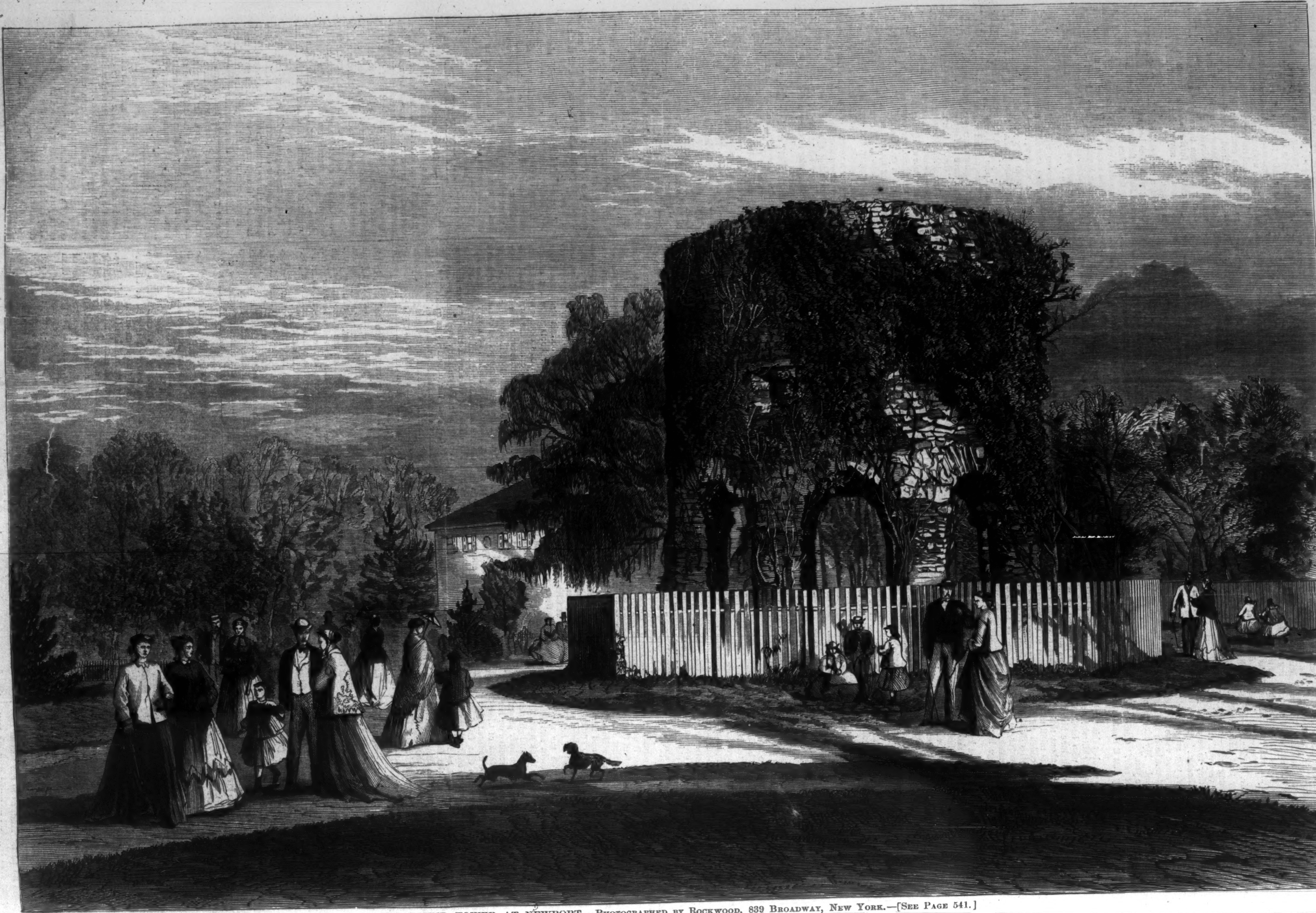
WERE it not for the external pressure of the air on all sides the very blood-vessels of our bodies would burst from the expansion of the blood circulating in them. A reason why those who ascend very high mountains find respiration difficult arises from the rarefaction of the atmosphere. The higher they go the more impeded are the vital operations of the system. It frequently happens, on reaching an altitude a little above ten thousand feet, that the pressure is so much removed that the lips, ears, nose, and the conjunctional membrane of the eye actually bleed. On descending the pressure from the weight of the atmosphere restrains the further loss by hemorrhage.

People residing on the high mountains of Peru have a singular enlargement of the chest, which gives the lungs greater inflation, to meet the demands of the system for oxygen in a given time.

Market-men and fruit-dealers, in some places, avail themselves of this expansive property of the air to give plumpness to meats and withered fruits. Almost any fruits, which have become wrinkled by drying, put under the exhauster of an air-pump, plump up instantly and appear as fresh and inviting as when first plucked from the tree. Apples, pears, prunes, etc., bear the operation very well, but they soon begin to lose their artificial regeneration.

Horse-jockeys puncture old, poor, and worn-out horses through the skin, and with a fine tube blow in air, which runs from cell to cell, and gives the animal an appearance of roundness and good flesh. In a few days the air escapes without essentially injuring the horse, which is generally sold before the trick is discovered. The cells of veal, mutton, and poultry are inflated often just before being offered in the market. They look admirably fair and fine, and are usually cooked and eaten before the cheat is discovered.

An air-pump and the Magdeburgh hemispheres are beautiful instruments for demonstrating the weight, elasticity, and all other phenomena worth knowing on this subject.

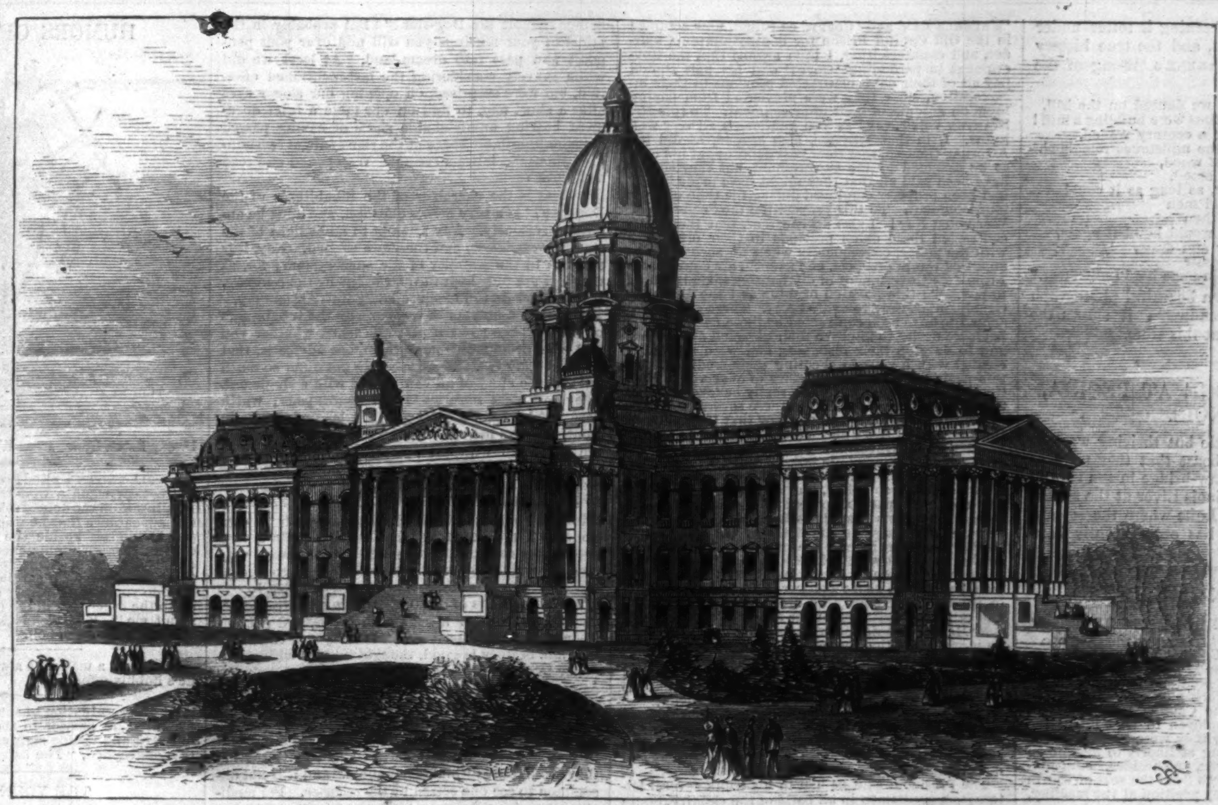


THE ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.—Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, New York.—[See Page 541.]

ILLINOIS STATE CAPITOL.

Of late years the people of this country have evinced a highly commendable spirit in favor of fine and massive public buildings. Within the last decade Ohio and Tennessee have finished two magnificent capitols in Columbus and Nashville. South Carolina was engaged, when the war broke out, in erecting a not less magnificent structure for the same public purposes. The war put a stop for a time to extensive enlargements and improvements of the Capitol buildings at Washington. Massachusetts is adopting plans and making preparations to enlarge the old capitol at Boston; and Illinois has just adopted the plans for her new State House at Springfield. The architecture of some of these is not free from criticism, and of very little credit to the designers. But it is not our purpose to criticise, but to call attention to the development of this commendable spirit.

We give on this page a view of the new Capitol of Illinois at Springfield as it is to be. The successful architects, whose plans were accepted, and which we reproduce, are Messrs. **Cochrane** and **Garnsey**, of Chicago. The ground-plan of the building is that of the Greek Cross, arranged to present four fronts of similar style. The style is in the Corinthian order. The northern, eastern, and southern fronts of the superstructure are each to be supplied with a portico of eight detached columns in front. The western façade presents the same exterior, excepting in entering the building you pass into the basement through a stylobate, the portico not projecting as far as on the opposite front. The dome comprises two stories, first ornamented with full columns, and the second with pilasters. On the top of the latter springs the dome proper, surmounted by a lantern. There will be a balustrade on the top of the entablature of the first story, consisting of pedestals and balusters. The entire dome, from the ground to the top of the lantern, is 254 feet; at its base 83 feet in diameter, outside of walls. The interior is to be finished in the same elaborate style.


THE ILLINOIS STATE HOUSE—VIEW OF THE PROPOSED BUILDING FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS.

THE SARATOGA RACES.

Saratoga as a watering-place is second to none in the country; and the Saratoga Racing Association makes an annual display and provides an annual entertainment second only to that seen and provided every spring at the Jerome Park. The fourth summer meeting of the Saratoga Association commenced on August 7, and continued, with great success in racing and "brilliancy in display of youth, fashion, and beauty," until August 9. About eight thousand spectators were on the ground, and the Grand Stand was graced by the presence of several hundred ladies. The "Travers' Stake," a mile and three-quarters dash by three-year-olds, was won by the bay filly *Ruthless* in 3.13¼; the "Hurdle Race," a run of two miles over eight hurdles by all ages, was won by *Blackbird* in 3.57¼, the fastest time ever made in America in a hurdle race; the "Saratoga Cup," a two and a quarter mile dash by all ages, was won by *Muggins* in 4.03; and the "Saratoga Stakes," a three-quarter mile dash by two-year-olds, was won by *Eclipse* in 1.20.

Our several illustrations on page 536 represent "The Start," "Ringing to Saddle," and "After the Race"—the latter two familiar scenes on every race-course. The "note of (not) dreadful preparation" sounded on the bell of the judge's stand is a welcome one and familiar to all sporting men; it has even been commemorated by the poet, who sang thus of Epsom Races:

> Talk of trumpet, of drum, and of clarion, and all
> The peals that to battle belligerents call,
> A sound more exciting is borne on the air!
> 'Tis the bell that to saddle bids jockeys prepare.

The same poet, albeit not a **Shakspeare** or **Milton**, has not badly described "the start:"

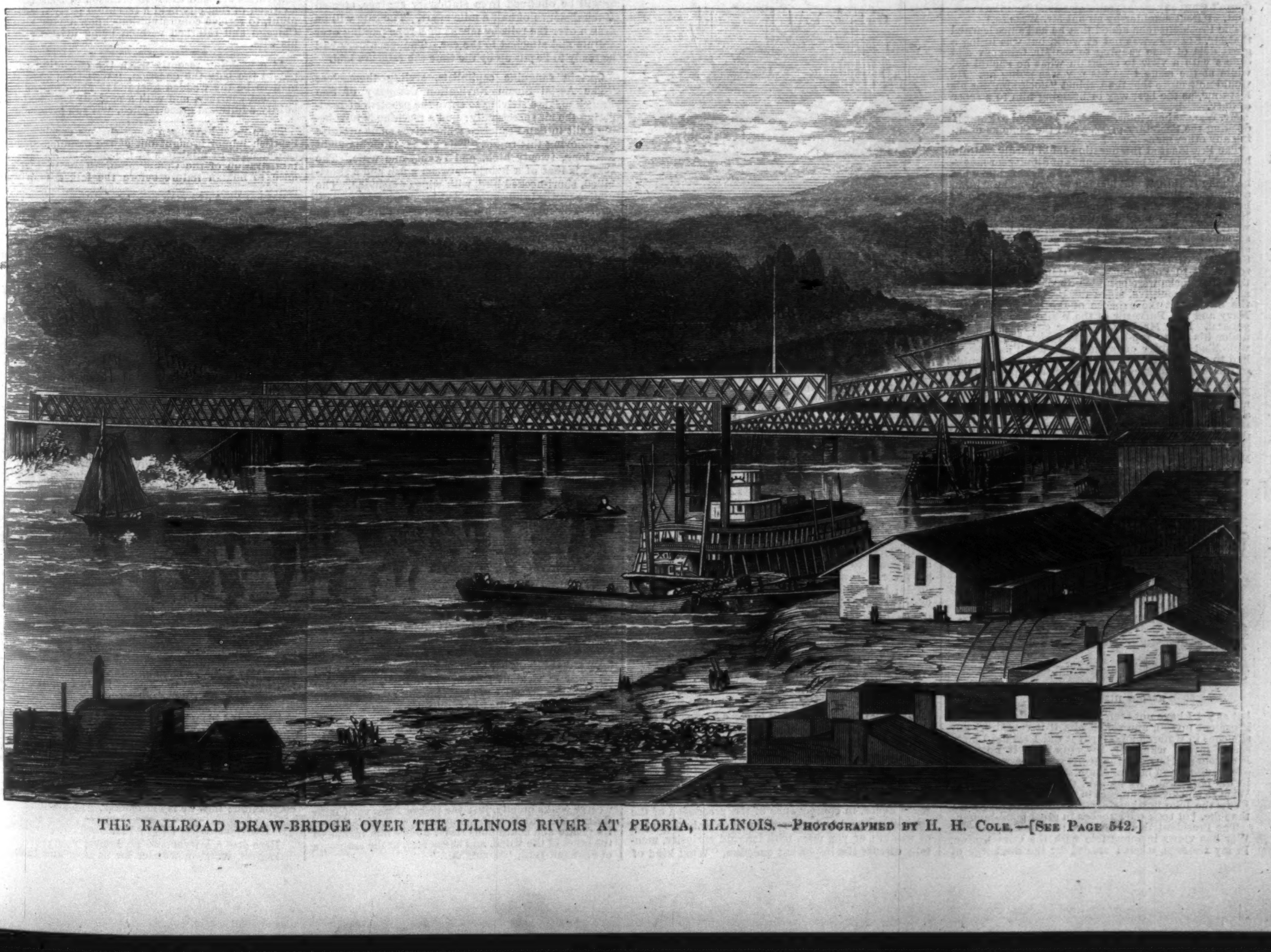
> They're off! they're off! the shout, the cry,
>   Extend along the plain:
> And countless hearts are beating high,
>   And countless eyeballs strain!
>
> Rebounding and resounding hoofs
>   Are heard afar—now near!
> Yes, here they are! the gallant steeds
>   Swift as the wind appear,

ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.

We give on page 540 an engraving of the "stern round tower of other days," which stands opposite the Atlantic House at Newport, Rhode Island, and which has been from time immemorial an object of interest and controversy to all visitors, and the subject of songs, legends, theories, and hoaxes without number. It stands about seventy-five feet above the high-water level in the harbor, and about a hundred and twenty rods from the shore. Various are the learned accounts of its construction and purpose. The society of Danish Antiquaries at Copenhagen decided that it was built in the twelfth century by Northmen, who coasted along the New England shore and called the country Vinland, from the abundance of grapes. It is upon this romantic hint, and the discovery of "a skeleton in armor" at Fall River, near Newport, that **Longfellow** has founded his ballad of the same name. The Viking escapes with his mistress from her forbidding father and the Norsemen:

> "Three weeks we westward bore,
> And, when the storm was o'er,
> Cloud-like we saw the shore,
>   Stretching to leeward;
> There, for my lady's bower,
> Built I the lofty tower,
> Which, to this very hour,
>   Stands, looking seaward."

It has of late years been generally concluded, from direct historical testimony, the evidence of the material, form, quality of the lime, etc., that the ruin was originally an old "stone-built windmill," belonging to **Benedict Arnold**—not he of traitorous fame. It is alluded to in the will of that gentleman, executed in 1677. The form is that of English mills at the period, with which the builders would be most familiar. In the *Penny Magazine* for November, 1836, there is a picture of a mill in Warwickshire, designed by **Inigo Jones**, who died in 1652, of which the form is quite the same. Old sea-captains and travelers testify to having seen hundreds of similar wind-mills all over the north of Europe.


THE RAILROAD DRAW-BRIDGE OVER THE ILLINOIS RIVER AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.—Photographed by H. H. Cole.—[See Page 542.]

The vague romances concerning it totter under these direct blows of fact, and the true history has been hinted at in Greene's "Song of the Wind-mill Spirits:"

"How gayly that morning we danced on the hill,
When we saw the old pilgrims were building a mill!
Its framework all fell ere a century waned,
And only the shaft and the millstones remained.
It was built all of wood,
And bravely had stood,
Sound-hearted and merry, as long as it could
And the hardy old men
Determined that then
Of firm, solid stone they would build it again,
With a causeway and draw,
Because they foresaw
It would make a good fort in some hard Indian war."

Our engraving is from a beautiful photograph by Rockwood, 839 Broadway: it shows the ruin exactly as it exists at this time.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

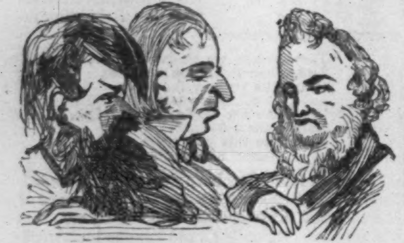
The people of the little but thriving western city of Peoria, Illinois, boast that they have at that point the longest draw-bridge in the United States. It spans the Illinois River at the southern extremity of Peoria Lake where the stream is unusually wide. It has only recently been built.

THE STANTON IMBROGLIO.

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Washington, D. C.

Dear Weekly,—At the Cabinet meeting yesterday the President sent for me and told me that he wished a correct report of the proceedings taken down for publication, as the New York papers, as a rule, get their information about the Cabinet meetings from the different freedmen employed to wait about the White House, consequently they were highly colored and unreliable. Not feeling at liberty to decline an invitation so graciously given, and besides, being anxious to get you reliable news from the seat of war in the War Office, I took up my position at the meeting, note-book in hand,



AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE,

with the President on the right and the amiable Secretary of the Navy on the left. In this position we supported the President through the whole trial. Mr. Stanton was not present.

The President rose and said: "A few days ago I wrote to the Secretary of War that I wished to secure harmony in our meetings, and as we were always disposed to vote 'Yea' when he voted 'Nay,' and 'Nay' when he voted 'Yea,' that I thought he had better not have his feelings hurt by being obliged to sit here and see us all going contrary to his wishes. I sent words to this effect in a communication to him by the hands of Colonel Moore, my private secretary, but I have had no answer."

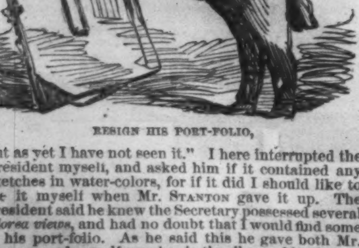
Mr. Seward here spoke up and said that perhaps he doesn't want any *more* communications from the President. [Great laughter by all but Mr. Welles.]

The President then added that he had since learned that Mr. Stanton was not at work, but was losing a great deal of time running to see Mr. Greeley and others with a view to ascertain what he should do, while at the same time his pay was going on. He would now move that the Cabinet "dock him" for his lost time, as the best way of bringing him to a sense of duty.

Mr. Welles here interrupted, and wanted to know if docking the Secretary of War was the same as docking any other man-of-war?

The President at this question could hardly restrain himself within the proper bounds of dignity for laughter. He halloed over to Mr. Seward, asking him what he thought of that, and leaning toward me he said, in a low tone, that that was the smartest thing he ever heard Mr.—what's his name—the Secretary of the Navy say. The only one who did not understand what was going on was Mr. Welles, who was unconscious of the joke, and after the confusion had subsided a little began to explain by saying that if the Secretary of War was to be docked he would have to be sent to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as all of the other docks were occupied by larger craft. This, as you may conceive, made the thing no better, and the hilarity at the expense of the Secretary of the Navy and the Purveyor of the White House became general. Poor Mr. Welles's face got very red, and under his white top-knot looked very much like a well-filled decanter of brandy with a tall stopper. I had to explain to the Secretary myself the meaning of the term "docking," as applied to employed men, before he could be toned down to his natural color. He said he had never heard of such a thing in Connecticut, and, besides, his mind had been for so long a time running on ships he had quite got into their *ways*. The President here gave me a nudge, but I felt that I had better make no demonstration, considering the gray hairs of the venerable Secretary's beard. Mr. Seward, I noticed, was also in a smiling humor.

The President again rose and said: "What shall we do with Mr. Stanton? I have asked him to



RESIGN HIS PORT-FOLIO,

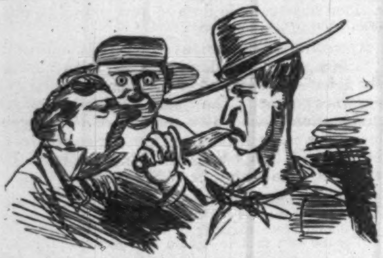
but as yet I have not seen it." I here interrupted the President myself, and asked him if it contained any sketches in water-colors, for if it did I should like to see it myself when Mr. Stanton gave it up. The President said he knew the Secretary possessed several *colored views*, and had no doubt that I would find some in his port-folio. As he said this he gave both Mr. Welles and myself punches in the ribs, and in glasses. I saw the joke immediately. Mr. Welles didn't see the joke, but took the punches in great good-humor.

The President then continued: "The Secretary of War has views incompatible with the Constitution. In my Message, when I argued for the discharge of 'Knuckle Ben' and 'Coppy,' so called, now confined in the Old Capitol Prison for bounty-jumping, murder, and counterfeiting, I then argued that the Government in pardoning 'Coppy' and his pals should pay all of their debts contracted previous to their incarceration, since they were prevented from paying them on account of their imprisonment. To this Mr. Stanton voted Nay! as you gentlemen all very well know. I, in that Message, also argued, as did the Attorney-General, that their past debts ought not only to be assumed by the Government, but they should have been paid all that they might have made if they had been properly employed during the time of their imprisonment. To this proposition the Secretary of War voted Nay! I also said further, that these men contracted these debts previous to their difficulties with the police, consequently when no such thing as an arrest was in prospect, and as such, are debts which I think the Government in discharging them is bound to pay. To this position of mine and the Attorney-General's Mr. Stanton voted Nay. These debts were shown to have been contracted by these parties in the laudable desire to improve their personal appearance and to develop their resources, and were in nowise created with a view to cheating their creditors. To this position, also, the Secretary of War voted Nay. Gentlemen of the Cabinet, I really believe that the Secretary of War voted Nay to these several positions of the Government because he saw that if he allowed the payment of these men's debts, or the assumption of them by the Government in the discharge of themselves and their pals from jail, he must, in like logic, allow the assuming of the debts of the bankrupt Confederate States so called, on our admitting them to any rights as part or parcel of the United States (strong symptoms of applause from Mr. Seward). To be sure, if we assume the debts of these fellows it may in a measure impair the credit of the nation by adding to a debt which Mr. M'Culloch tells me is already inconveniently large; but by not doing it, it would appear to be a violation of faith to the holders of these old accounts who are mostly hotel-keepers and other loyal citizens of our country."

Mr. Randall said the argument was exhausted, and he moved that the Secretary of War be requested to send in his port-folio as soon as the President could select another gentleman for the office; and he would take this opportunity to remind the President that the Great West had other men besides Mr. Stanton.

I whispered to the President that he might look on me as coming from the West. I had lately been to Pittsburg to sketch the iron-founders' strike, and to Columbus to see Mr. Wade about what he did say and does think about agrarianism.

The President said he had in his trunk several letters from gentlemen in all parts of the country, South as well as West, recommending men for the succession, and accompanied in many instances by photographs of

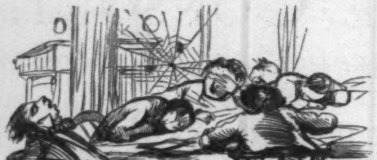


GENTLEMEN WILLING TO TAKE MR. STANTON'S PLACE.

He would in no case be troubled in getting a successor. If the Cabinet were willing he would move that the Secretary of War be invited to send in his port-folio just as it is.

Mr. Seward suggested that he tie it up with red tape before he send it in. Here the President gave me another punch under the ribs, also another under the table, and told me Seward was a first-rate fellow in a meeting of this kind.

A long silence now pervaded the scene as the members took the subject into consideration before voting. We had what is called in White House language



A PROTRACTED MEETING,

although quite a different thing, so far as mine went, to what I was taught a "protracted meeting" was when a boy, as we used to have them every winter at the old meeting-house.

I did not feel like sleep, so I took the opportunity to make a sketch of the Cabinet as they were debating a vote on the importance of the Secretary of War sending his port-folio to the President, as it is evident that the Secretary appreciates it, and the President on his part wants to look into it. I would rather look in Mr. Nast's port-folio any time, and I told the President so. He answered by saying there was no accounting for tastes, which I considered rather impudent to me, not to mention Nast.

Before I left Washington I called on Mr. Stanton, and he told me he was on the horns of a dilemma; but he did not tell me how he was going to get off. The President, I think, has of late been devoting himself persistently to other horns than those of

Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Dog-star is in the ascendant. The "dog-days"—that varying period of uncertain beginning and ending—are raging just as fiercely, for aught we know, as they did in ancient times, when the Romans were accustomed to sacrifice a dog to Sirius to propitiate his favor. Nowadays we sacrifice dogs by the hundreds; but still the relentless star continues to rise with the sun, blending, as it were, its influence with the heat of that luminary for a certain period. Still, just as much as in the days of Virgil,

"Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky."

These are sultry, dull, and heavy days. One may hold a pen, but ideas melt away like a piece of ice. You may speculate upon the probable number of Almanacs that reckon dog-days to close August 11, compared with those that compute them to continue until August 24; or you may wonder, since there are really two Dog-stars, why the little one, Procyon, never attained any great notoriety, especially as he is quite as early a riser as his rival; or you may query what will be the state of the weather when, a few thousand years hence, in consequence of the precession of the equinoxes, the dog-days proper will occur in the depth of winter; or you may, with languid curiosity, mentally discuss the important question, "What kind of beings inhabit the Dog-star?" But probably in the midst of your musings you will nod over your pen-point and pass into dream-land. At least we did while gravely considering the last-mentioned question, but were surprised, on opening our sleepy eyes after a short nap, to find on our table a brief document bearing unmistakable signs of having passed through illimitable space at the rate of about two hundred thousand miles a second. We opened and read as follows:

"What is the character of the inhabitants of the Dog-star?" is a very *Sirius* question, and must be answered seriously. Any attempt to make light of the stars is s-*candalous*, and therefore *wick*-ed. Nay, it is perilous to the stability of the solar system; for, as the stars are only kept in their orbits by their *gravity*, it will never do to introduce levity into Astronomy.

There are a number of *races* among the inhabitants of the Dog-star; but if you are asked whether you will "bet-or-not" on one of them, our advice is, that you had *better not*. These races do not differ so much but that the story of all can be told with a single *tail*. They are what naturalists call quadrupeds; which hard word means a beast with six legs—*fore* legs in front, and two behind. They have each a head; and are contented with one apiece, instead of being always anxious to get "a-head" of their fellows also, as humans are apt to be. They are of less *size* than men of Earth, *sighs* being less common among them than growls. They have *tales*, which are never to be continued, though they (the tales) usually attain a very good "circulation." These tales, by-the-way, very much resemble Dickens's—they display a good deal of *wag-gery*, and sometimes are "all-of-a-twist."

The inhabitants of the Dog-star are a polite people, meeting each other always with a *bow*, and not unfrequently with a *bow-wow*. Their style of conversation and oratory is good, though marked with a tendency to the employment of *paws* more than is always agreeable. They are also inclined to be *dogmatic*. Their habits are regular, except that they stay out late at night. The Dog-star is a healthy orb, its inhabitants being free from most of the complaints incident to man. Owing to their elevated and dry situation they are liable to "high-dry-phobia," and it is not uncommon to see one seized by the *collar-er*. For medicines they depend upon a tonic treatment, employing chiefly *bark* and *w(h)ine*. They maintain no physician, every one being his own *dog-tor*. The natives display a wonderful appetite for every thing that is good. They take eagerly every thing that is *meat* for them. They are not scientifically educated, but what one of them *nose* he knows thoroughly. They are deeply interested about "A-merry-cur," and indeed about any kind of a *cur*. They are devoted friends of *Turkey*, and many of them evince a love of *Greece*. They are all great admirers of the *Bony-parts*, and many of them are familiar with *Bacon* and *Lamb*.

Here the manuscript abruptly ended. Alas! that it was ever begun; for while deciphering it our dish of gossip, which we neglected to put into the refrigerator when we dropped asleep, had boiled over, and most of the contents were lost. But "accidents will happen in the best of families;" and apologies are worthless when the mercury is rapidly going up out of sight, and salamander safes are recommended as the only means of *safety*.

The elevated street railway, known as the West Side Railway, has been commenced. Workmen at present are engaged in excavating the earth in Greenwich Street, and several foundation blocks have been built. The process of excavating will extend from the Battery to Cortland Street. The public will soon have an opportunity of witnessing the working of the cars on the lower end of the route. The motive power will be obtained from stationary engines, erected at the distance of half a mile apart. The cars will be drawn over the rails by means of a rope passing over a drum and attached to the car. The machinery will be ready to be put up by the time the rails are laid.

Certain sanguine capitalists, styling themselves "The Aerial Steam Navigation Company of San Francisco," are striving to solve the problem of navigating the air successfully; and a machine is now being built in San Francisco which gives some promise of achieving this result. This air car is eighty-eight feet long, twenty high, and twenty-one wide. The shape is that of a hybrid between a fish and a short-billed, short-necked bird, with wings expanded. The motive-power is steam, applied by a series of propellers. The cubic contents of the gas-bag are fourteen thousand five hundred feet. This novel machine depends for its successful action on the buoyancy of the gas with which it is inflated, the support derived from its own bulk, increased by its wings expanded on either side, and the motion of its propellers when set at a suitable angle.

We often hear of people doing strange things during the excitement which a fire naturally brings; of looking-glasses being thrown out of windows, and feather-beds carefully carried down stairs. But a circumstance occurred the other day in this city which rivals any story of this kind we ever heard. During the excitement of a fire, a woman threw a small child from the upper story window of a tenement-house without any regard to what the consequences might be. Fortunately a police officer saw the movement, and caught the child, thus saving it from instant death.

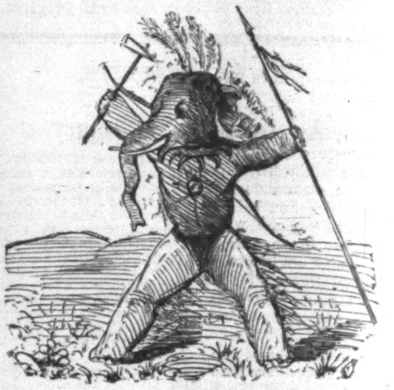
It is said by those who have investigated the subject that the banana will produce more food to the acre than any thing else that can be cultivated in tropical or semi-tropical countries. An enterprising firm in California have imported from Nicaragua, by steamer, a lot of the mammoth white banana-plant roots, which are in fine condition and already sprouting out vigorously. And it is believed that in the warmer parts of that State the banana can be cultivated easily.

Pennies are sometimes dangerous playthings for young children. A little girl, three years old, recently died in Troy, from the effects produced by swallowing a nickel penny. All known remedies were applied without effect: but it was found impossible to keep any thing on her stomach. The symptoms were all those of virulent poison, not unlike those which indicate the presence of arsenic and strychnine. The little sufferer soon died in convulsions.

Once a Week suggests a new use for a wife:

"In rabbit shooting the best person you can take with you as a beater is your wife, if you have one. She will be flattered by your desire for her society, and the general adoption of crinoline has greatly enhanced the value of a steady woman on such an occasion. It makes just the right sort of noise, and, if its wearer walks quietly, just the proper amount of it to disturb the rabbit without overmuch terrifying him. Its gentle and continuous rustle makes him incline to the quiet of the wood, and keeps him, in the language of Scotland-yard, 'moving on.'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Uncle Sam's Elephant—What will he do with it?

A well-known United States detective was riding in a street car when a well-dressed pickpocket entered. Judging from the detective's careless manner and genteel appearance that he was a pigeon worth plucking, seated himself beside the little man, and in a very dextrous manner commenced fingering his vest-pocket. The detective took hold of the soft hand of the thief, and shaking it cordially, said, "My dear friend, how do you do? I'm very sorry, but you will have to go to the other side of the car, as I haven't got a cent about me!" The pickpocket made his exit without waiting to ring the bell.

Why does a man with a wooden leg limp?—Because he's hobbly-gaited.

At an examination of some girls for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" one of them replied, "The baby, Sir."

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old;
Half-inviting, half-repellent,
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of the heart!
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? oh, then how serious
Will her pretty face become!
You are angry; she is wretched,
Saddened, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As an angler does a trout!

Ah! "old fossils," nearly fifty,
Who are plotting, deep, and wise;
Ye "Adonises," of twenty,
With the love-light in your eyes!
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you *all!*

Divorces are said to be so common in Detroit that a citizen of that city held a reception party the other night, to receive congratulations upon having visited Chicago and returned without being divorced from his wife.

At a wedding recently when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty that lent her beauty additional grace replied, "If you please."

There must have been some curious specimens of Scottish humor brought out at the examinations or catechisings by ministers of the flock before the administration of the Communion. Thus with reference to human nature before the fall, a man was asked:

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Ou, just like ither folk."

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation.

"Weel," said the catechumen, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse couper."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"Weel, naebody got any thing by him, and mony lost."

When cock-fighting was in fashion, a gentleman having a match in the country gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Pat put them together in a bag, on opening which on his arrival he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he did not think there was any danger of their hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side.

In a school, recently, a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good" by giving a New Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for, a few minutes afterward, one boy struck another, and, on being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

The Three Degrees of Comparison.—An excellent turn was made at dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, too good to be lost. A gentleman remarked that ——, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

The Irish Chief Secretary, being the owner of a fine ostrich, which some weeks ago was safely delivered of an egg, received the following telegram from his steward: "My Lord, as your lordship is out of the country, I have procured the biggest goose I could find to sit on the ostrich's egg."

A man and his wife fell on a Sunday evening into a critical dispute. The wife said she thought "David (King David) hadna taen much pains when he metred the Psalms;" on which her husband flew into a passion at her ignorance, and reminded her that it was George Buchanan who metred the Psalms.

In former times a wife regarded her husband as a companion; now he is her banker.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a lawyer and an honest man;
Heaven works a wonder for us now and then.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

An Incalculable Injury

Is sustained by many persons by the use of "bitters," which are advertised as "unfailing remedies in cases of diseased liver." The horrors of indigestion, or the miseries and wretchedness experienced by the debilitated sufferer from liver disease, leads him to inquire in every direction for aid. Chance throws him in the way of some one of the many decoctions called bitters, which are guaranteed to "strengthen the enfeebled, and improve the appetite." The stimulating properties of alcohol contained in them produce a temporary change of feeling, and the use and dose are continued and increased, when reaction occurs, and confirmed habits of drinking are the result. Meanwhile, what is taking place in the diseased liver? Are its functions restored? Are the close relations existing between it and the stomach and brain continued under the use of a cerebral stimulant? Let the misguided ones answer. We can only agree with the teachings of Him who spake like as man never spake, that we must make the *tree* good if we desire to have good *fruit*. Loss of appetite, general debility, constipation, indigestion and low spirits, are symptomatic of a diseased condition of the liver, and it is evident that, should we desire to remove the attendants, we should first remove the exciting cause. *Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills* are fully endorsed by the medical faculty as a remedy entirely efficacious to cure liver disease, and its experience of more than thirty years has not disappointed the expectations of its many friends. Testimony is received from all quarters in proof that these wonderful pills are the most successful remedy of the age.

☞ Be careful to procure the genuine article, manufactured by *Fleming Bros.*, of *Pittsburg, Pa.*, and to be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of

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MERCUTIO said of his wound,

"It was not as deep as a well, nor as wide
As a gate, but it would do."

PLANTATION BITTERS will not raise the dead,
But they cure the sick, exalt the depressed,
And render life a thing to be enjoyed.

We believe there are millions of living witnesses to this fact. Dyspepsia is a horrid disease, but Plantation Bitters will cure it. It is a most invigorating tonic for weakness and mental despondency. Those who are "out of sorts" should try Plantation Bitters.

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YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

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BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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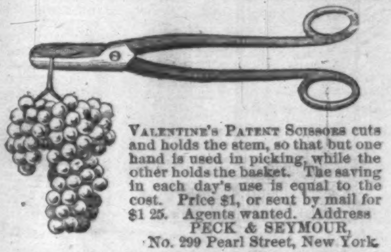

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